THE MAID OF MARIENBURG,

A DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRATTER.

.....Come, pride of my ſong!
Formed by the graces, Lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks divine, that deeply pierce the ſoul;
Where with the light of thoughtful Reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively Fancy, and the feeling Heart.

THOMSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY M. ALLEN, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
FOR W. TREPPASS, 31, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND;
FAULDER, NEW BOND STREET; J. BARRATT, BATH;
AND MILLER AND MANNERS, EDINBURGH.

1798.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PETER ALEXIEWITZ, Emperor of Ruſſia.
ALEXANDER MENZIKOF, Prince and Field Marſhal.
NATALIA, his Wife.
CHATINKA.
FREDERICK GLUCK, Paſtor of Marienburg.
EDWARD, his Son.
A PRESIDENT.
JACOB MOERSCH, a Dutch Captain.
FOUR MERCHANTS.
SERVANTS, MESSENGERS, &c.
SAILORS.

The Scene paſſes at Peterhof, a little Retreat of the Emperor's.

THE

MAID OF MARIENBURG.

ACT I.

A Rural Situation.

SCENE I.

PASTOR GLUCK *in ſomewhat of a thread-bare black ſuit of cloaths*——EDWARD, *with a guitar under his arm; a knotted oak ſtaff, and a knapſack buckled over his ſhoulders.*

EDWARD.

YOU ought to repoſe yourſelf a little here, my father!

GLUCK.

I will, my ſon!——have we already come on twelve miles?

EDWARD.

Certainly as much as that.

GLUCK.

Art thou weary?

EDWARD.

Oh for my part I could walk forty miles a day without being the leaſt fatigued, but you my father, ſuch an old man!——it pains me to the very heart when I ſee you dragging on ſo overpowered by fatigue: 'tis true you never complain——and if one was to liſten to you, you are never weary; but each tottering ſtep I ſee you take goes to my very ſoul——*(During this time he ſits down.)*

GLUCK.

I have ſtill very ſound ſtrong limbs.

EDWARD.

But with that, very old limbs. Liſten to me my deareſt father——I am a young, healthy, broad ſhouldered fellow, who can take about as much on my

my back as one commonly loads an aſs with, therefore I pray you let me take you upon my ſhoulders for two or three miles! I can carry my guitar under one arm, and my knapſack under the other—I can certainly do that with the greateſt eaſe, my dear father!

GLUCK.

(*Wiping the tears from his eyes.*) What a ſtrange fancy to come into thy brain, Edward!

EDWARD.

(*Importuning.*) Give me then this heart-felt joy, dear father, and let me carry you two or three miles on my back!

GLUCK.

And why ſo?

EDWARD.

You are not heavy; and I could walk thus with you as far as ever I would, and then this little pious action would reward my conſcience a thouſand fold, when you are no more——ſpare your age, my dear father, then I ſhall often have pleaſure in the remembrance of my having borne my aged father over this rugged ſtony way, through this deſart vale, and over that ſandy hill——Is it not true,

my father, that you will grant my earneſt prayer in this?

GLUCK.

(Preſſing him to his boſom and embracing him.) My Edward! my ſon!——daily do I pray to Heaven to recompenſe my Edward for his filial love: grant him a ſon ſuch as thou haſt given me in him; grant him a daughter ſuch as my Catherine was ——and in this thou wilt have given him more than all the treaſures of this world!——but take her not from him as thou haſt taken her from me!

EDWARD.

(With confidence.) We ſhall ſurely find her again: this has been our conſolation, ever ſince we have been in ſearch of her; why ſhould it no longer prove the ſame conſolation as when we ſought her with ſuch painful and diſcouraging anxiety, as at preſent that we are ſo near the Emperor?——the hint given us lately by our friend in Marienburg to go directly to the Emperor himſelf, was not without a good foundation——I have the greateſt expectations from the Emperor.——Think on what I ſay, my father:——the Emperor will moſt certainly give us back our lovely maid again.

GLUCK.

That is, if he yet can, Edward!

EDWARD.

The time will ſurely come when we ſhall find her again;——we have already ſought her full five moons!——and how have we ſought her? was there a ſingle day ſince we left Marienburg that was not attended by ſome extraordinary accident to us?

GLUCK.

And yet we met with a hundred difficulties, that could not be placed to the account of accidents.

EDWARD.

We really did!——yet we ſlept better than perſons are often accuſtomed to do on beds of down—when in miſerable hovels——in diſguſting ſtables, on ſtraw——and even on the hard ground, we were plundered of all we had; we were not diſcompoſed by it, nor did we murmur, and we thanked God for having ſpared our lives. We hungered, and were proud of being able to ſuffer hunger with ſo much courage. Dry bread and a refreſhing ſpring, with a philoſophical lecture on the intrinſic worth of things, was often to us a moſt enviable feaſt under the ſhade of a ſpreading oak——

when

when my father uſed to ſay that a manly patience and fortitude might be juſtly called a triumph over all evil.

GLUCK.

It will be well for thee, my ſon, if thou ſeekeſt to get acquainted betimes with this kind of triumph!

EDWARD.

And thus too we triumphed over the imagined reality of heat and cold——over monſtrous ſandy deſerts, over gaping threat'ning rocky precipices; over a variety of miſeries;——and what is ſtill more difficult to combat with than the raging elements themſelves——over wicked and worthleſs men.

GLUCK.

(*Aſide.*) How tranſported I am with the noble pride of his ſoul!

EDWARD.

Oh my father, what an inſtructive ſchool for me is this pilgrimage by your ſide! what is there that I cannot learn from you——to arm myſelf with manly courage——to make myſelf independant of mankind and my own paſſions, to look for the ſource

ſource of ſatisfaction within myſelf:——do you not give me in your own conduct the daily example of all this?

GLUCK.

Oh that the moments of my weakneſſes——that the infirmities of my mind could be equally inſtructive to thee!

EDWARD.

Your ſtrength often forſakes you, my dear father, but never your philoſophy.——The ſufferings of a father who knows that his pious daughter has fallen into the hands of the moſt licentious robbers, muſt require all your fortitude, all your goodneſs as well as greatneſs of ſoul to ſupport.——I fancy here that I am really a father——that thought alone convinces me that the moſt ſtedfaſt man under ſuch an affliction, might be capable of falling into the moſt calamitous of all misfortunes, the loſs of his ſenſes.

GLUCK.

May our univerſal Father above, forgive me, if in the hour of calamity I have let eſcape the lighteſt murmuring againſt his ſacred power——or mercy——Heaven gave to my Catherine the charms of a fine perſon, wit and vivacity, a feeling heart,

and

and maſculine underſtanding——I have ſown the ſeeds of truth and generoſity in her mind; and have brought her up in the principles of the ſtricteſt virtue——oh God! how exceeding great was the joy of the gardener when he ſaw this lovely flower bloom fairer and more beauteous each coming day under his aſſiduous care, and at once, all at once——*(After a pauſe.)*——In the hour of midnight, my ſon, while thou art ſleeping tranquilly beſide me, then is commonly the moments devoted to the afflicting cares of my heart——then oft times the idea preſſes itſelf involuntarily on my mind——that ſhe may be at the mercy of theſe vile plunderers!——that ſhe——in this moment 'tis all dark midnight in my ſoul——and all my ſenſes are gone aſtray——I pray, I murmur, I deſpair;——but the all-ſeeing eye knows well how to read legibly in the hearts of poor men thus bereft of reaſon!——come, let us go on, my ſon!

EDWARD.

'Tis now nine o'clock by the ſun. In one hour more we ſhall be in Peterhof. Shall I not ſay to you my father, "Be of good courage!" and yet I repeat it to you——Aſk me not at preſent, wherefore I am ſo cheerful this day——wherefore I am ſo gaily haſtening towards Peterhof——why

I ſo

I ſo confidently hope redreſs from the Emperor—nor wherefore I cannot maſter my humour ſo far as to afflict myſelf with you to day:——this evening we ſhall have a roaſt for our ſupper, and drink a jug of good beer with it, and ſing a hymn of thankfulneſs, when it is finiſhed.

GLUCK.

A morſel of bread, Edward, and a draught of freſh water after it:——for that too let us ſing a hymn of thankfulneſs to Heaven.——Our few remaining pence——

EDWARD.

I ſhall find ſomething to do with my guitar in Peterhof.——Then the Emperor is a great admirer of the flute——and I muſt be a very ſtupid fellow at the buſineſs—if I could not be as well received as the other performers on the flute in and about Peterhof——ſome roaſt meat and a jug of good beer this evening!—— (*In going away.*) Once more: I ſay the Emperor will give us back our dear girl again.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Salloon in the Pleaſure Palace of Peterhof.

NATALIA *and* CHATINKA.

(They come in at the ſame moment at oppoſite doors.)

NATALIA.

At laſt thou art there; where haſt thou been the whole of this long morning?

CHATINKA.

Where have I been my beſt princeſs——running about every where and amuſing myſelf with the various beauties of nature, viewing from the mount in the garden the immeaſurable ſpace of the ſea, then the towers of Kronſtadt, then took a look beyond towards the ſituation of my own country, and ſaid within myſelf:——would that the ſpires of Marienburg were as near as the towers of Kronſtadt!——then ruſhed the images of paſt times full before my mind; I thought on my father and my brother——where they might be at that

that moment, if they were yet alive——and what deſart waſtes they might be wandering through in queſt of me?——if there was no other means left of diſcovering the place of their retreat?——and thus ran rapidly on the hours of this melancholy, but delightful morning!

NATALIA.

Does this place pleaſe thee more than Peterſburg?

CHATINKA.

(*Kiſſing her hand.*) May the goodneſs of the Emperor towards me, may your goodneſs excellent princeſs never let me forget who I am? from whence I came?——and where I have to return again?

NATALIA.

My Chatinka has no cauſe to be anxious on that matter.

CHATINKA.

Oh Princeſs, you unite in yourſelf ſo many perſons in one for me! friend, benefactreſs, mother of the ſtranger and poor helpleſs orphan! your condeſcenſion, your affectionate encouragement, your heavenly mildneſs, gives me often moments

in which I think myſelf altogether as happy as I formerly was in Marienburg in the hours of my joyous youthful days.——Oh wherefore does a brother that I love inexpreſſibly dear; a father of ſuch wiſdom and paternal tenderneſs as there are few in the world, mourn for me in a diſtant land!

NATALIA.

Father and brother may probably be neither of them as far diſtant as you ſuppoſe.——Be compoſed my dear girl! why ſhould we not expect the beſt ſucceſs from the meaſures we have taken?

CHATINKA.

Shall we, dare we that? *(Cheerful and aſſured.)* Well then I will do ſo!

NATALIA.

There we have really our ſweet girl back again!

CHATINKA.

And now for the whole day not a ſorrowful countenance again.

NATALIA.

The Emperor and my huſband will then be highly ſatisfied with this humour.

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

(With joy.) Is it ſo, is it really ſo? oh what men the Emperor and the Field Marſhal are!—— who would not do every thing depending on themſelves that ſuch men ſhould be ever in good humour—let it coſt them what pains it will?—— In Marienburg——

NATALIA.

Does good humour coſt thee no efforts?

CHATINKA.

There, perhaps, I was the moſt harmleſs creature of God's creation; there the ſmiling hours of my life paſſed over like a gaudy dream——Could you but have ſeen me there, Princeſs, within the circle of our little family; then you would have loved me ſtill more for the ſake of this little good family!

NATALIA.

Dear, good creature!

CHATINKA.

We poſſeſs'd but little, but our ſatisfaction in that little turned all we had into abundance.—— Arrangement and cheerful pleaſure in our labours ſhortened our days to hours——ſtrengthened our health,

health, and rendered us ſuſceptible of the ſweet enjoyments of ſocial life.——Oh Princeſs, whoever has not ſeen this, can have no idea of our reciprocal affection——neither of us appeared to live for himſelf, but for the others——it ſeemed as if the Goddeſs of Harmony had taken up her abode amongſt us. My father never opened his mouth, but there flowed from it ſome wholeſome precept for us: all his conduct and actions was edification and inſtruction for us.——His pariſhioners hung on him with filial affection, and how did this little flock love us for my father's ſake—Whenever we went out they came to meet us with affection, eſteem and good will. Heaven and nature recompenced our domeſtic cares with rich bleſſings, and full proſperity, which enabled us to be beneficent in our little neighbourhood, to receive the ſtranger into our houſe, to refreſh the weary, and to adminiſter help and conſolation to the needy and poor——each coming day had its own joys for us!

NATALIA.

Moſt excellent heart, and for whoſe ſake I wiſh to know no other!

SCENE

SCENE III.

NATALIA, CHATINKA, *and* MENZIKOF.

MENZIKOF.

Come, prepare yourſelf for a journey, my beloved!

NATALIA.

For a journey?

MENZIKOF.

And this very hour too!

NATALIA.

Indeed, and with ſo little ceremony——

CHATINKA.

——Juſt as if the Field Marſhal was decamping with his army.

MENZIKOF.

In general one can prepare an army to decamp much ſooner than bring two young ladies ready to ſtep into their carriage.

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

But one is not accuſtomed to iſſue forth ſuch ſtrong commands to them as to an army; however, if it came to the point it would coſt at moſt but two words to make my Lord Field Marſhal aſhamed of the injuſtice of his reproof.

MENZIKOF.

And what are theſe two words?

CHATINKA.

We are already prepared.

NATALIA.

Moſt excellent, my girl, we are already prepared.

MENZIKOF.

For a party of pleaſure at moſt: however for this once, it may be no more than a party of pleaſure. The Emperor is in ill humour.

CHATINKA.

Ill humour!

MENZIKOF.

MENZIKOF.

I propoſed, to amuſe him from it, a little family party to Kronſtadt, which he accepted, on condition that the party ſhould not exceed four in number, and that he himſelf ſhould ſtand at the helm.

CHATINKA.

And I pray you to take me for your pilot.

MENZIKOF.

Accepted.

CHATINKA.

Dare one enquire, my Lord Field Marſhal, what has put the Emperor into this diſcord?

MENZIKOF.

A variety of things that have unluckily combined together. Plans that have miſcarried, conſpiracies diſcovered, indications of infidelity, of uſurpations, and of corruption.——The unlucky ſtar of Velten, the ſteward of the kitchen, led him into the Emperor's preſence at this moment: there aroſe ſome diſpute; here Velten had the fault ſo common to the Germans, of vindicating himſelf where he thought his cauſe was juſt——the Emperor grew

warm——Velten was not yet ſilent, the Emperor lifted his cane to him——

NATALIA.

And Velten held not yet his peace.

CHATINKA.

Gracious Heaven! he would not ſurely——

MENZIKOF.

At length the Emperor ſent him with wife and children to the devil.

NATALIA AND CHATINKA.

With wife and children?

MENZIKOF.

He gave immediately the ſtricteſt commands, that no one whatever ſhould, under pain of his diſpleaſure, ſpeak a word, offer a petition, or give any ſupport to Velten; and if the perſon ſo offending enjoyed any charge, he ſhould hazard the loſs of it by ſuch an act of diſobedience.

NATALIA.

That is ſevere!

CHATINKA.

It really is——why can I not ſay what I muſt ſay on it to the Emperor himſelf——that it is barbarous!

MENZIKOF.

It happened in a moment of anger.

CHATINKA.

(*To Natalia.*) Shall we not hazard? ſhall we not ſet our little portion of princely favour at work here?

NATALIA.

I offer my part to it.

MENZIKOF.

Not yet however at leaſt; not yet for a couple of days!

NATALIA.

Then it will not be before his charge is occupied by another——not 'till half a dozen unfortunate creatures are become the victims of deſpair?——how humane and wiſe, Field Marſhal!

CHATINKA.

There ſtrikes a thought acroſs my mind.—— Lay me a bet, my Lord Field Marſhal, that Velten is reſtored this very day?

MENZIKOF.

Chatinka will probably loſe——

CHATINKA.

Now is the moment, is the Emperor in his cloſet?

MENZIKOF.

Yes!

CHATINKA.

(*Goes to the window.*) There I have my ſupplicant already——A ſupplicant who ſtands as well as any one with the Emperor. (*Natalia and Menzikof go at the ſame time to the window.*) Well, what ſay you to this, my Lord Field Marſhal?

MENZIKOF.

I ſee nothing.

CHATINKA.

And you Princeſs?

NATALIA.

NATALIA.

And I even as little.

CHATINKA.

What then is that tumbling and rolling about on the graſs?

NATALIA.

Not ſurely that greyhound?

CHATINKA.

Preciſely the perſonage, who ſhall be my petitioner.

NATALIA AND MENZIKOF.

(*Smiling.*) What an invention!

CHATINKA.

Have but the goodneſs, my Lord Field Marſhal, to draw up a little petition in the name of Liſette, I'll ſtick it under her collar, and ſend her with it into the Emperor's cloſet. Won't that do?

NATALIA.

What a delightful idea!

MENZIKOF.

MENZIKOF.

Which ſhall be inſtantly put in execution. (*Sits down to write.*) However, I think the firſt mover of this ought to dictate!

CHATINKA.

That is but juſt, yet the diction ought to be in a ſtile to accord with the petitioner——(*She dictates.*) "May it pleaſe your Majeſty! the underſigned hazards with this the firſt prayer ſhe ever offered up in her life, to ſhew forth her faithfulneſs and tenderneſs, in the fulleſt confidence of obtaining a favourable iſſue to her humble prayer, in recompence for her faithful ſervices to her Emperor—— ſhe petitions namely for the grace of Velten, the ſteward of the kitchen; who has ever conducted the affairs of your Majeſty's kitchen well; who has ever taken a friendly care of your Majeſty's moſt humble petitioner;——who is moreover in the bottom an honourable man——who through a juſt adminiſtration of his charge towards his maſter has always remained in poverty, and who beſides poſſeſſes the rare virtue of contradicting his Emperor to his face, when he believes to a certainty that his cauſe is juſt."——

MENZIKOF.

Ha, Chatinka——

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

Well, my Lord Field Marſhal! Liſette will not get the knute! (*Continuing to dictate.*) " If your Majeſty graciouſly anſwers this petition, ſhe promiſes never again to offer up any other, but will continue to the end of her life, her moſt gracious Emperor's moſt faithful,

Moſt ſerviceable,
Moſt humble,
And moſt obedient ſervant,
LISETTE."

MENZIKOF.

(*Preſenting her with the writing.*) I wiſh you full ſucceſs——

CHATINKA.

I promiſe it to myſelf too. (*Going to the window.*) Here, Liſette! Liſette! here, here, come here!

[*Exit haſtily.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

NATALIA *and* MENZIKOF.

NATALIA.

One might really envy her for the ſake of this delightful idea.

MENZIKOF.

And you would then be leſs kind to her awhile, for the ſake of this charming idea.

NATALIA.

As heartily kind, as perhaps I have ever yet been. Another certain proof againſt thy ſlander, which ſays, that every woman muſt have attained the higheſt degree of ſelf-denial, before ſhe can bear to hear another's praiſe.

MENZIKOF.

The proof does not appear to me to be ſo unanſwerable.

Natalia

She is moſt beautiful; and yet do I not each day take infinite pains to diſplay more fully, the power

of her charms? equally the ſame as if I was unconſcious that it was in the eyes of my huſband himſelf, that I rendered this faſcinating beauty ſtill more dangerous.

MENZIKOF.

A complaiſance of the moſt courageous kind.

NATALIA.

Wherever ſhe comes, all attention is turned towards her; every eye is ſo abſorbed in the contemplation of her charms, that they forget there is any other face barely ſupportable near her. And notwithſtanding this, have I not ſo much accuſtomed myſelf to appear in the great world with her, that I feel as if I had loſt a part of myſelf when ſhe is not by my ſide.

MENZIKOF.

The argument begins to gather ſtrength and weight, I muſt confeſs.

NATALIA.

Are not exquiſite wit, a brilliant underſtanding, and bewitching candour, things moſt capable of putting modeſt vanity into a certain degree of embarraſſment, and yet was I not ever the firſt who

had the idea of doing juſtice to her underſtanding ——and bringing forwards in the moſt pleaſing light her inimitable grace in converſation? Thou thyſelf didſt contribute too in letting the advantages of her heart and mind appear in the moſt beautiful point of view. Well, infidelity perſonified, haſt thou any thing more to alledge?

MENZIKOF.

Nothing but that this ſelf-denial is in itſelf a moderate degree of vanity that cannot be miſtaken.

NATALIA.

I am ſatisfied with this expreſſion.

MENZIKOF.

Indeed?

NATALIA.

For when a perſon ſeeks a refuge in ſophiſtry, 'tis then a ſure ſign that he fails in ſound reaſon.

SCENE

SCENE V.

MENZIKOF, NATALIA, *and* CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

(With a lively expreſſion of joy.) Liſette has done her duty——

MENZIKOF.

Bravo!

NATALIA.

Excellent!

CHATINKA.

As was already concluded, I ſtuck the petition under the collar, and led her to the cloſet door, which I opened gently; the Emperor ſat writing at the table, Liſette made one ſpring into the room, and with a ſecond ſhe was on the Emperor's table; I held the door a hair's breadth open that I might be able to obſerve what paſſed.——She wagged her tail, flattered and careſſed. The paper caught the Emperor's eye inſtantly, he took it, read it, and ſmiled——

NATALIA.

And ſmiled?

CHATINKA.

Oh there was pardon, there was affectionate grace, there was a quick return to ſweet humanity in this ſmile! "Comeſt thou already too with petitions?" ſaid he, "why well, ſince 'tis the firſt time, and becauſe"——here the Emperor began to ſpeak in a lower voice——I could not comprehend what he ſaid; but it may be eaſily ſuppoſed. What can be more natural, what more conformable to the Emperor's goodneſs of heart, than that the precipitation of his harſh command made him ſome ſilent reproaches.

MENZIKOF.

He will probably be here ſoon.

CHATINKA.

The fortunate Liſette gives me courage. It may be done at once——and I'll now venture at the ſame time to entreat for the poor Colonel.

NATALIA.

If that ſucceeds with thee my girl!——

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

Why then it will be one of the happieſt moments of my life, for I ſhall have reſcued two unfortunate families from deſtruction.

MENZIKOF.

I hear the Emperor, we will leave thee alone!

[*Exeunt Natalia and Menzikof.*

SCENE VI.

CHATINKA, *and the* EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

(Threatening jeſtingly with his finger.) Chatinka! Chatinka!

CHATINKA.

My gracious Lord!

EMPEROR.

In quality of her lieutenant, thou mayeſt ſignify to her——that 'tis reſolved on to be favourable to her petition——but that ſhe muſt not ſoon think of another ſuch an audacious enterpriſe——

CHATINKA.

Liſette will think herſelf affronted by ſo ſtrong an interdiction, and will poſſibly laugh at it within herſelf.

EMPEROR.

So ſhe may, if ſhe pleaſes.

CHATINKA.

Liſette regards the right of entreaty, to be a ſacred right——and the only arms that nature has beſtowed on the weaker creature againſt the ſtronger creature——and of courſe the harſher creature.

EMPEROR.

Oh, what the little reaſoning dog's ſoul is not yet ſufficiently clever and inventive?

CHATINKA.

Oh Liſette is a dog of underſtanding!

EMPEROR.

And the Emperor for this time may have been a little too haſty in granting the petition; may have been ſurpriſed into it by the extraordinary method of attack——

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

As if it was an unjuſt petition that merited not the hearing!

EMPEROR.

Who knows then that the prayer was ſo juſt?

CHATINKA.

Elſe then would my gracious Emperor have granted it, without one moment's reflexion?—— lawful too, had it really been in an unworthy cauſe?

EMPEROR.

Then, it muſt have been rejected.

CHATINKA.

Had it been really ſo, my gracious Emperor would not have granted it merely for the ſake of a ſimple childiſh attack, neither would ſo raſh an attempt ever have entered my mind——The Emperor was entreated by a ſimple attack on his mercy towards an unfortunate family——Where elſe ſhould I look for the principles of all that is good and great, than in his excellent heart——what needed this heart more than a bare remembrance?—— There are two ſuch various means of reminding!

and

and in reality, is there more harm in one method than in another?

EMPEROR.

(Taking her by the hand with earneſtneſs.) Chatinka!——good ſincere girl!——oh that my people knew me ſo fully, ſo entirely as this amiable creature has learnt to know me.

CHATINKA.

Well then, ſince this magnificent ſoul it now ſo open, ſo participating, ſo wholly accorded to benevolence, Chatinka will alſo hazard her petition.

EMPEROR.

I begin to believe thou eſpieſt me for certain moments?

CHATINKA.

It would be a melancholy caſe, if my gracious Emperor had but moments of humanity and benevolence:——horrible indeed, if one was reduced to the neceſſity of watching for theſe moments——

EMPEROR.

Why this ſolemnity, Chatinka?

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

Wherefore ſeeks my gracious Emperor to eſcape? ——why is he ſo very apprehenſive of the importunity of a ſincere requeſt?

EMPEROR.

When perſons can entreat like thee, is it not a fearful thing to be entreated by them?

CHATINKA.

Who has encouraged me to expect in this, but my gracious Emperor himſelf? who has ſo frequently, and ſo pathetically commended my warmth, and placed it to the ſcore of merit, when I was wont to entreat for the unfortunate? I ſet a higher value on ſuch a panegyric from the mouth of my Emperor, than to allow myſelf from precipitation, or compaſſionate weakneſs, to go one ſtep farther than what my Sovereign muſt in his heart approve.

EMPEROR.

I call this, having pity on one's friend.

CHATINKA.

Never will I knowingly miſapply this plenitude of goodneſs, nor ever advance a ſingle word in fa-

vour of the undeſerving, nor againſt the villain—for againſt the malevolent treſpaſſer of the laws, my Sovereign may ſeek his right by the courſe of juſtice.

EMPEROR.

No, that thou never doeſt!

CHATINKA.

May the eternal and irreconcilable diſgrace of my Emperor, fall heavily on me if ever I ſhould attempt it!

EMPEROR.

Well then ſpeak, Chatinka!

CHATINKA.

Does not my gracious Lord ſtill remember Colonel Lipunof?

EMPEROR.

Yes.

CHATINKA.

For theſe three years paſt he has been cloſely impriſoned.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

For his well deſerved puniſhment!

CHATINKA.

Was it not for a ſimple negligence?

EMPEROR.

But a piece of negligence that had its conſequences!

CHATINKA.

That is moſt certain.

EMPEROR.

And which muſt be puniſhed.

CHATINKA.

That is yet certain: but there are likewiſe many brave men will affirm that he has been too ſeverely puniſhed.

EMPEROR.

I think exactly as much as he merited.

CHATINKA.

He loſt charge, property, honour, and proſpects——all at once. He has been languiſhing for

theſe three years in a priſon. He is afflicted from his family's becoming the victims of pain and miſery through him; and ſtill it is but the puniſhment for neglect——Who amongſt us is there who have not been guilty of negligence?——when the Emperor decrees ſo terrible a puniſhment for neglect, what then remains to him to puniſh crime itſelf with?

EMPEROR.

(*After a pauſe.*) Lipunof is free!

CHATINKA.

Thanks, my gracious Lord——! but free——and nothing farther than free?

EMPEROR.

(*Severely.*) What ſhould he have more?

CHATINKA.

(*Feelingly.*) To be free, and——to hunger; to be free and in deſperation to ſee his family ſtarving around him!——his puniſhment ſhall have terminated——but his miſery ſhall continue! Shall no review be taken of his talents, and of his former ſervices?

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Unſatisfied beggar!——but abſolutely what can Lipunof be to thee?

CHATINKA.

Creature, what is ſuffering humanity to thee? thus the Emperor might have interrogated me. ——But no——no! this queſtion never came from your heart!——People ſpeak of perſonal averſion, my gracious Lord, let not this have dominion over your natural goodneſs!——here alone ſtands the greatneſs of mankind in its ſublime perfection, greater as yet no human eye ever ſaw; more ſublime no human wiſdom ever imagined; ſo near to the ſupreme goodneſs of the Creator never man as yet attained, as the great and godlike humanity of princes, who recompence void of paſſion, and puniſh without rancour in the heart; whoſe greateſt voluptuouſneſs is to wipe the tear from the eye of miſery, and to make the world ſurrounding him happy.

EMPEROR.

Oh Chatinka!——truly 'tis the gift of Princes to enjoy this Heaven!

CHATINKA.

And Lipunof?

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Is Captain——and it wholly depends on himſelf, whether in the ſpace of a year he is ſtill Captain—or again a Colonel.

CHATINKA.

(*Kiſſing the Emperor's hand.*) Oh thanks my gracious Lord——the moſt cordial thanks from my heart; and with them the moſt ardent thanks of all good men! (*Going.*)

EMPEROR.

Chatinka!

CHATINKA,

My gracious Lord!

EMPEROR.

What, thus ſimply thanking? nothing in acknowledgement?——not one little ſign of gratitude?

CHATINKA.

How am I to underſtand this?

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Not even a kiſs?

CHATINKA.

(*Thoughtful and aſhamed.*) My gracious Lord!

EMPEROR.

What, ſo thoughtful over ſuch a trifle?

CHATINKA.

(*Balancing, then ſuddenly taking reſolution.*) Well then, for the ſake of this brilliant act of humanity! (*The Emperor kiſſes her, and preſſes her with fervor to his boſom.*) Leave me!

EMPEROR.

(*Tenderly.*) Chatinka!

CHATINKA.

(*Diſengaging herſelf.*) For Heaven's ſake leave me!

EMPEROR.

What a delightful, charming creature!

CHATINKA.

(*Offended.*) No, by Heaven, it was not meant thus. [*Exit quick.*

EMPEROR.

What a delicious, lovely creature thou art!——

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Garden in Peterhof.

The EMPEROR *and* EDWARD.

EMPEROR.

(Coming in on one ſide, loſt in thought.) "By Heaven it was not meant thus"——call'd ſhe out in the fullneſs of her ſoul, and flew away!

EDWARD.

(Coming from the other ſide, his guitar under his arm.) That is probably ſome one from the court, for certain he has a moſt honourable countenance.——

EMPEROR.

Well but was it thus meant, Chatinka, or how was it meant?

EDWARD.

I'll make a trial, whether he will let himſelf be put under a little contribution.

EMPEROR.

Wherefore was thy kiſs ſo delightful Chatinka? ——wherefore do I feel it ſtill with all the power of its enchantment on my lips?——and wherefore has it wrought up my whole frame into this tumult? *(Edward during this time ſits himſelf down on one ſide, and begins to play, the Emperor ſits down oppoſite to him, appears to obſerve and liſten to him.)* Bravo! my lad, bravo! whom ſhall that be for?

EDWARD.

(Drawing near to the Emperor.) Both of us, Sir!

EMPEROR.

How ſo?

EDWARD.

For you ſir, by it's affording you ſome little amuſement; and I by the little recompence it may probably draw from your purſe.

EMPEROR.

There, take that.

EDWARD.

Thanks, moſt hearty thanks!——upon my ſoul, Sir, you have dipped pretty handſomely into your purſe!

EMPEROR.

(Obſerving him nearly.) More's the pity for thee, for thee, for thou art a handſome, ſolid, well built youth!

EDWARD.

What do you mean by that, Sir?

EMPEROR.

Pity that thou carrieſt on that miſerable beggarly trade——and that I did wrong by giving thee ſo much.

EDWARD.

(Offended.) I do not beg, ſir! repeat to me not again that I beg, I earn my little money, and knew you but why I earn it after this manner, and how long I have got it thus, you ſurely would not have undertaken to ſpeak to me in ſuch a tone!——. There, take your gold back again, ſince you regret having given it to me,

EMPEROR.

Brutal fellow!

EDWARD.

But with it, to ſhew you how little I repent the little piece of muſic I gave——I preſent you with another into the bargain! *(He plays a lively air.)* And God bleſs you with it, [*Going.*

EMPEROR.

Hey, hey, my young hot-heated muſician—— not ſo haſtily away! come draw nearer; and let us ſpeak a few confidential words with each other!

EDWARD.

Be it ſo then, but make them as ſhort as you can.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

It appears to me that we did not rightly understand each other in the beginning, thou playeſt very finely, and I readily give in preference to ſuch brave fellows;——therefore accept the double of what ſingly thou regardeſt as ſo much——take it my brave youth, take it!——I gueſs thou needeſt it.

EDWARD.

Yes ſir, as much as any hungry fellow can do, who is reduced to his laſt morſel of bread——farewel, ſir——may God beſtow a thouſand bleſſings on you for this rich gift!——another time I'll play to you the whole day long, and take nothing for it! farewel.

EMPEROR.

Yet a few words——by thy dreſs and manner, I ſhould take thee for a Livonian.

EDWARD.

You have gueſſed rightly, ſir!

EMPEROR.

And from what place there?

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

From Marienburg.

EMPEROR.

From Marienburg? *(Giving him his hand.)* Welcome my brave Marienburger!——but what deſtiny could have led thee thus far from thy home?

EDWARD.

A very hoſtile fate, ſir!

EMPEROR.

Let me hear.——

EDWARD.

Ruſſia has very courageous warriors——would that they were as noble warriors as they are courageous ones!——Theſe courageous warriors robbed, plundered, and laid all in devaſtation and waſte wherever they came——nor ſpared they the unarmed and peaceable citizens; abuſed mothers and daughters, robbed me of a treaſure, a treaſure ſir, on which——

EMPEROR.

That hurts me!

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

'Tis now five moons that I have been wandering through half Ruſſia in ſearch of this treaſure. Unfortunate creature that I am, I can diſcover no trace!——

EMPEROR.

What is to be done in this caſe?

EDWARD.

(With confidence.) I'll go to the Emperor; the Emperor is juſt, the Emperor will——

EMPEROR.

Thou wilt addreſs thyſelf to the right man!—— But, however, what can this treaſure conſiſt of, that thou haſt been ſearching ſo long, and with ſuch eagerneſs?

EDWARD.

A maid——

EMPEROR.

A maid!

EDWARD.

'Tis not I that ought to ſay it, but ſhe's an angel under the figure of a lovely maid; for full fifty miles

miles round our town she's known by no other distinction than the MAID of MARIENBURG. There's much said of the justice and magnificent actions of the Emperor——but no less of the virtue and beauty of the Maid of Marienburg.——Reflect a little sir, have you never heard of the Maid of Marienburg?

EMPEROR.

(*Now and afterwards evidently discomposed.*) What is she like?

EDWARD.

Tall and elegantly formed, of a most princely figure, and ennobled with a princely soul!

EMPEROR.

(*Aside.*) By Heaven 'tis she!

EDWARD.

Grace, distinction, bewitching elegance and ease in her countenance, and her every movement!

EMPEROR.

(*Aside.*) This is still her!

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Through her ſoft full black eyes you may read with a look into her noble, guileleſs, candid heart ——which is all affection and benevolence.

EMPEROR.

(*Aſide.*) Who elſe can this be than Chatinka?

EDWARD.

When ſhe ſmiles, your heart is delighted—— your very ſoul is in rapture!——and ſhe is ever ſmiling—ſweet cheerfulneſs and pleaſing jeſt ever flowing from her lips! but ah! ſhe ſmiles no more, now——

EMPEROR.

(*Impatient.*) Go on, go on!

EDWARD.

When ſhe ſpoke, one hung with rapture on her words, ſhe could diſcourſe with you on any ſubject whatever;——but would moſt readily converſe on noble and ſublime actions—yet there never came an authoritative word out of her mouth——tho' no one reigned with ſuch unlimited ſway over every heart as ſhe!

EMPEROR.

(*Springing up.*) 'Tis ſhe!——who elſe can it poſſibly be but her?

EDWARD.

Do you know her?

EMPEROR.

Doſt thou love her, doſt thou love Chatinka?

EDWARD.

(*Tranſported with joy.*) Oh you know her! where is ſhe? where ſhall I find her?

EMPEROR.

Speak, doſt thou love her?

EDWARD.

The love I bear towards myſelf is but as a ſhadow to the love I have for her!

EMPEROR.

Does ſhe love thee alſo?

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

If ſuch a thing is poſſible ſhe loves me more than I do her!——oh when ſhe ſees me——in that very inſtant our hearts will be overflowing with joy and tranſport! I conjure you, by all that is deareſt to you in this world——

EMPEROR.

(*Throwing a purſe to him.*) There's gold for thee; begone this inſtant!

EDWARD.

What's the matter with you, Sir? (*Aſtoniſhed.*)

EMPEROR.

Begone, I ſay!

EDWARD.

Have you loſt your ſenſes, Sir?

EMPEROR.

If thy life is dear to thee, then venture not to come within a hundred verſts of the city of Peterſburg!

EDWARD.

If you were the Emperor himself, you could scarcely speak to me in such a tone!

EMPEROR.

I am the Emperor! (*Edward stands awhile like one stupified, then takes off his hat.*) This very instant depart from Peterhof! [*Exit.*

EDWARD.

(*Throws the purse from him.*) Oh miserable wretch that I am, now all is lost! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Salton.

CHATINKA *alone.*

(*With a Letter in her hand.*) No explanation! all is again in greater uncertainty than it was before!——May they not be gone towards Moscow? but where else can they be then?——What a horrid situation!——Father and brother have not even perhaps a heartless truss of straw for their bed; perhaps

perhaps not a morſel of bread to ſatisfy their hunger; often perhaps without a draught of freſh water, to quench the moſt raging thirſt!——whilſt thou, unhappy creature, art living in luxury——and in the midſt of ſuperfluity; thou mayeſt yet——oh what images come acroſs my mind! what ideas purſue me ſleeping and waking!——what ſtrange feelings of pride and nobility, awaken within me!——The Emperor! the Emperor!——how I abhor myſelf!——he held me in his arms, he preſſed me with ardour to his boſom.——If he ſhould have perceived how my whole ſenſes were in alarm within me, if he ſhould have felt how powerfully my heart throbbed againſt his; if his lips perceived how involuntarily mine returned his ſalute!——Away with theſe images out of my ſoul!——Away with them for ever!

SCENE III.

EMPEROR *and* CHATINKA.

EMPEROR.

Thus alone, Chatinka?

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

(Taking courage.) My gracious Lord.

EMPEROR.

Why ſo ſolitary?

CHATINKA.

It many times happens that when one is alone, one can beſt put aſide any little diſcord that one happens to be in with one's ſelf.

EMPEROR.

I have frequently obſerved that thou purpoſely ſeekeſt to be alone.

CHATINKA.

What one finds moſt valuable, that one ſeeks willingly, ſince the time that I have been with ſo many and ſuch a variety of perſons, it ſeems to me ſometimes as if a ſolitary hour in which I can make a little ſerious examination of myſelf is become more indiſpenſibly neceſſary than before.

EMPEROR.

This is ever good and praiſe-worthy, as long as the inclination for ſolitude does not become habi-

tual

tual——as long as it does not make you take mankind in abhorrence.

CHATINKA.

Oh that is far from me, my gracious Lord; as long as I enjoy a cheerful hour I ſhall not fail to find a reliſh for life——as long too as extraordinary characters have ſtill their good ſide——and this however moſt men have.

EMPEROR.

I like much that perſons ſhould know how to ſet a juſt value on mankind. I like too that open confidence in every one that ſhews they have a preference for me——Chatinka has not yet recounted to me the ſmalleſt particle of her hiſtory——

CHATINKA.

Becauſe I choſe rather to ſpare your patience the taſk of hearing common place things, and ordinary occurrences.

EMPEROR.

The hiſtory of ordinary perſonages, let them be ever ſo common-place, never fails of having ſomething extraordinary, ſomething inſtructive in them——and Chatinka ought to ſet a better value

on

on her own worth than to class herself amongst ordinary persons.

CHATINKA.

In general she would never introduce herself in the conversation——

EMPEROR.

Thou hast, however, an admirer?

CHATINKA.

I had one.

EMPEROR.

And now?

CHATINKA.

He is dead, he fell in the battle of Pultawa!

EMPEROR.

He was a soldier too?

CHATINKA.

And a brave soldier too, my gracious Lord!

EMPEROR.

An officer?

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

A ſubaltern one for a while.

EMPEROR.

He is too, certainly dead?

CHATINKA.

Certainly, more's the pity!

EMPEROR.

(Aſide.) This young adventurer then has made me melancholy for nothing——where didſt thou make acquaintance with him?

CHATINKA.

We grew up with each other. Already in our infant years there lay a wonderfnl ſympathy in our hearts, which as ſoon as we were ſenſible of love, became the moſt ſerious affection.

EMPEROR.

And how came he to be a ſoldier?

CHATINKA.

Out of inclination, from courage and an ardent thirſt after fame and honour.

EMPEROR.

'Twas a pity, for his ſake.

CHATINKA.

Battles and wars were already our ordinary infantine plays; we made ourſelves ſoldiers, arms, cavalry, walls and intrenchments out of clay; marched againſt each other, retreated, made aſſaults—and ſieges, purſued in flight, and every other repreſentation of martial ſcenes——

EMPEROR.

Naive and extraordinary; but ſomewhat ſuperior to childiſh play!

CHATINKA.

He repreſented the Emperor Peter, and I King Charles; it ſhould almoſt ſeem that in our military ſcience, that we had really conſidered what would be the real progreſs; the conqueſt was often long in doubt: however it happened here in miniature nearly the ſame as what paſſed in reality.

EMPEROR.

How ſo?

CHATINKA.

The female King Charles gained on every occaſion the advantage over the Emperor Peter.

EMPEROR.

Truly?

CHATINKA.

This often made the little Emperor ſo melancholy, ſo wild and deſpairing, that once he had very nearly pulled down the proud conqueror Charles to the ground by the hair of his head.

EMPEROR.

(With warmth.) Chatinka——how if in this infantine play there lay concealed a certain foreboding of the future? *(Seizing her hand earneſtly.)* What if this female King Charles in reality made a conqueſt of the Emperor Peter——and had made him her priſoner for ever?

CHATINKA.

Then would King Charles be generous——

EMPEROR.

Generoſity was not preciſely the virtue of Charles!

CHATINKA.

——And preſent the Emperor with his liberty again, on the ſpot! [*Exit haſtily.*

EMPEROR.

(*Alone.*) Thou canſt not ſo ſoon give it me back again!——but what muſt be done about this young adventurer?——'tis ever the beſt to let him run away!

SCENE IV.

The EMPEROR *and* JACOB MOERSCH.

EMPEROR.

Ha! Jacob Moerſch!——thou art welcome to Ruſſia!

MOERSCH.

Welcome, my gracious Emperor!

EMPEROR.

What bring you of good things from Amſterdam?

MOERSCH.

MOERSCH.

A fine friendly ſalutation from the Burgomeſtres!

EMPEROR.

I thank them, what are my old friends about!

MOERSCH.

Ha, what are they doing?——they have ever ſome little matters to do——to make good cheer, to preſerve good arrangement in their affairs, and to keep the raſcals in good trim——

EMPEROR.

That's the beſt buſineſs my comrades and I can have to do——

MOERSCH.

(Preſenting him with a paper.) Our Burgomeſtres have ſent to his Majeſty the Emperor a few dozens of artiſts and handicrafts men.

EMPEROR.

That's brave, that's excellently done.

MOERSCH.

And a little parcel of dutch cheeſe.

EMPEROR.

The Burgomeſtres preſerve a lively remembrance of their old friends in Ruſſia.

MOERSCH.

And my comrades and I well remember when the gracious Emperor ſaid that he would do us the honour to come on board our veſſel ſome evening, and take a piece of dutch cheeſe, and a glaſs of Holland gin.

EMPEROR.

Agreed, I come; ſpeak you to your comrades that when you return from Kronſtadt, you come and take a dutch dinner with me.

MOERSCH.

Agreed, my comrades and I will certainly come ——that will rejoice the very ſouls of our Burgomeſtres when we recount to them that their citizens of Amſterdam have been ſo honoured in Ruſſia, as to have dined with his Majeſty the Emperor.

EMPEROR.

In this particular the Burgomeſtres and I am of one opinion, that brave honeſt perſons are the beſt

beſt table-companions. Well, are you better pleaſed here than at Archangel?

MOERSCH.

We are much more ſo, may it pleaſe your Majeſty! but our mariners a vaſt deal leſs; they curſe ——pardon me for ſpeaking it out plain——and wiſh themſelves at the devil!

EMPEROR.

Why ſo?

MOERSCH.

Becauſe that in Archangel they always get treated with pancakes.

EMPEROR.

Tell your mariners, that they ſhall have as many pancakes here too, as they can be able to eat!

MOERSCH.

How the dogs will huzza at that!

EMPEROR.

Now, God preſerve you!

MOERSCH.

May God preſerve your Majeſty!——and not let you forget the evening! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

The EMPEROR, *and afterwards a* PRESIDENT.

EMPEROR.

(*Calls, a ſervant comes.*) If there are yet any perſons waiting in the antichamber, you may admit them in. (*The ſervant goes out, the Preſident enters, as the Emperor caſts his eyes upon him, he ſpeaks thus to himſelf.*) Upon this ſubject I have many a time had a mind to diſpute with nature, that ſhe ſhould let ſo many raſcals who merit hanging, outrun the gallows.

PRESIDENT.

(*Proſtrating himſelf before the Emperor.*) May it pleaſe your Majeſty!

EMPEROR.

Stand up Preſident!——how many times muſt I yet have it proclaimed, that I will not have people to proſtrate themſelves before me?——Thy cauſe has been examined——and according to the ſtrict letter of the law, there are no proofs that can be brought againſt thee.

PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT.

Thus then your Majeſty ſees yourſelf——

EMPEROR.

That I cannot let thee be hanged. Thou mayeſt at all events be ſatisfied with this juſtification; I am not!

PRESIDENT.

Wicked people never know how to ſatisfy themſelves, in calumniating an honeſt man. There has a rumour gone abroad that I am diſmiſſed from my charge.

EMPEROR.

Who ſays that?

PRESIDENT.

Almoſt every body——I entreat moſt humbly that I may have ſome evident ſatisfaction made me for this ſlander.

EMPEROR.

Some evident ſatisfaction?——In what do you preſume this evident ſatisfaction ſhould conſiſt?

PRESIDENT.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty——

EMPEROR.

In ſome diſtinguiſhed promotion, perhaps, or rather in the decoration of the croſs of St. Andrew?

PRESIDENT.

Your Majeſty's moſt ſubmiſſive ſervant, leaves it to the will of your gracious Majeſty to decide; however was it to be the laſt——

EMPEROR.

Thus it was not decided!——if every body ſays it, 'tis a very bad ſign——and amounts to a certainty that every body wiſhes it.——If you wiſh the contrary, they will ſpeak equally loud:—it would be a moſt notorious lie did they ſay our Preſident is an honeſt man.——Such a Preſident would ſend them and me to the devil!——I have informed myſelf enough and often concerning thee; but have never yet found a ſoul that made a good report of thee.——Thou ſneakeſt and creepeſt before people thou thinkeſt has power, and meeteſt every perſon whom thou eſteemeſt to be inferior to thyſelf with pride, contempt, and rudeneſs. Thou art a moſt notorious gameſter, and haſt ever the moſt worthleſs perſons in thy ſociety—thou ſpendeſt every year three times as much as thy annual income. With ſuch a conduct, and under ſuch circumſtances,

circumſtances, it is every way impoſſible to be either a brave man, or an honeſt ſervant to the ſtate.——My officers of juſtice muſt be approved of by my people as well as myſelf. Now when they ſo conduct themſelves towards the welfare of my people as that they would chuſe them for a guide, was the election left to their free choice, I am wholly ſatisfied. I have no farther buſineſs with thee—but I counſel thee for thy good, to leave thy charge vacant, that it may be filled by ſome worthier man.——Retire! [*Exit Preſident.*

SCENE VI.

The EMPEROR, *and* PASTOR GLUCK.

EMPEROR.

Who art thou?

GLUCK.

A Marienburger, and a prieſt of the proteſtant church.

EMPEROR.

A Marienburger again!——what wouldeſt thou have?

GLUCK.

I ſue for juſtice before the throne of your Majeſty.

EMPEROR.

Speak!

GLUCK.

I had a daughter; this daughter was the pride of my ſoul, the joy of my heart, and this jewel was ſtolen from me by your ſoldiers.

EMPEROR.

What is thy name?

GLUCK.

Gluck.

EMPEROR.

Gluck——Gluck——Frederick Gluck——is it not?

GLUCK.

I am aſtoniſhed! is your Majeſty then acquainted with my name?

EMPEROR.

And the maiden, thy daughter, was loſt to thee on the time that Marienburg was taken by ſtorm; was it not ſo, old Frederick?

GLUCK.

GLUCK.

I can ſcarcely recover from my ſurpriſe.

EMPEROR.

And thou art in ſearch of this maid?

GLUCK.

For theſe five months.

EMPEROR.

Be comforted, what thou haſt regarded as loſt, will perhaps be found again.

GLUCK.

How am I to reconcile to myſelf this extraordinary contradiction?

EMPEROR.

How?

GLUCK.

Your Majeſty diſpatched my ſon very ungraciouſly.

EMPEROR.

That fiery young Marienburger, is he thy ſon?

GLUCK.

GLUCK.

Has he then been guilty of ſome imprudence in the preſence of his Emperor?

EMPEROR.

He is then Chatinka's brother?

GLUCK.

(*Tranſported with joy.*) Chatinka, Catherine—oh my God! where is ſhe?

EMPEROR.

Be compoſed old Frederick——where is the youth?

GLUCK.

At the outermoſt court gate; there he is waiting between fear and hope.

EMPEROR.

(*Calls, ſpeaks to the ſervant, who comes.*) Bid the young man at the outer gate with the guitar, come to me! [*Exit ſervant.*

GLUCK.

(*After a pauſe, breaks out in rapture.*) Yes, this is exactly what I thought of him!——the very portrait

trait I had drawn in my own mind of the Emperor Peter! and I have found the original to anſwer exactly to it!

EMPEROR.

I am rejoiced when honeſt men think well of me. Thou art come a great diſtance from hence, tell me ſincerely how I am ſpoken of amongſt the people.

GLUCK.

Variouſly, my gracious Lord!——the good all ſpeak well of you, and lift your fame to the very Heavens——but the leſs good——and then the thoroughly evil-minded——

EMPEROR.

Were theſe ſatisfied with me: then my worthy Frederick, the good cauſe would have but a poor aſpect, but the good ſhall alſo have much to remember me by.

GLUCK.

You would really be at a great loſs yourſelf to account for the wonderful things, and vaſt contradictions we hear recounted of the Emperor every day.——The greater the diſtance one is from one's Prince, the more difficult it is to form any judge-

ment

ment with propriety of what he is——from the medium through which we ſee him being ſo greatly deranged.

EMPEROR.

Frederick, thou appeareſt not barely to have ſtudied thy bible——thou ſeemeſt to have made mankind thy ſtudy!

GLUCK.

How frequently does that action appear in an unfavourable light, that deſerves being immortalized by monuments of gold!——In the end, all good citizens who have had a miſtaken idea of the Emperor——will regard him as I do.

EMPEROR.

Well Paſtor?

GLUCK.

Your inexorable ſeverity, your bold reſolutions, your enterpriſing deciſions——your equally ſudden and important undertakings diſpleaſed me in the beginning, excited apprehenſions and terror in me againſt my will——but I learnt from the conſequences that followed, that my Emperor had ever, even where he appeared the moſt cruel——the moſt ſalutary views for his baſis.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Farther, Paſtor.

GLUCK.

Let him that would condemn the Emperor Peter, not forget that he had to combat with fanaticiſm that fears the light of day——ancient barbarity——and bloody inſatiable oppreſſion; that it was eaſier for Amphion by the charms of his ſong to unite the rough maſſes of ſtone in the walls of Thebes, than for the Emperor Peter to bring a barbarous people from the yoke of ſuperſtition and ſavage cuſtoms, to obedience through his wiſe laws.

EMPEROR.

To be an inſtructor of the people is an honourable charge; old Frederick, thou art worthy of thy poſt.

SCENE VII.

The EMPEROR, GLUCK, *and* EDWARD.

EDWARD.

(*Somewhat abaſhed.*) May it pleaſe your Majeſty!

EMPEROR.

Art thou there my young muſician——come nearer to me——'tis now peace between us!——as a token of which I pray thee to play me ſome beautiful ſoft air. (*Edward is about to begin.*) Not juſt now!——(*To both.*) Retire for the preſent into that apartment——when I give the ſignal thou art to begin, but not before. (*Gluck and Edward go into the ſide apartment, the Emperor calls to the officer in waiting.*) Deſire Chatinka to come here. (*Calls again to another officer.*) Order ſome wine and a collation to the ſtrangers in that apartment. (*The officer goes, the Emperor remains alone.*) How wonderfully this has concurred!——three excellent ſouls to find each other again; Chatinka in the arms of her brother, in the heart of her father, both of whom ſhe had regarded as loſt——in the full enjoyment of fraternal affection and filial piety:——this will be a moſt glorious ſcene for me!——Oh Chatinka! if I could fold thee too in theſe arms;——if thy ſoul was expanded with ſuch rapture and impetuoſity towards me!

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

EMPEROR, *and* CHATINKA.

EMPEROR.

Thou art come very ſeaſonably Chatinka! I was juſt wiſhing to aſk thy advice in an affair of taſte. I have it in contemplation to diſmiſs my fifer.

CHATINKA.

A loſs, my gracious lord, that does not appear to be greatly regretted, as far as it ſimply depends on the harmony of his flute——

EMPEROR.

I think too, that he may be better placed in the Court of the Great Mogul.

CHATINKA.

I am of the ſame opinion, provided that the Great Mogul's ears are not very delicately organized!

EMPEROR.

Thou findeſt no taſte in his performance——and I feel leſs every time I hear him.——I ſhould have much pleaſure in regulating my taſte by thine.

CHATINKA.

My gracious lord ought not to do that.

EMPEROR.

Not when I find myſelf the better for it? when it anſwers the pains of acquiring thy taſte? If the rougher man in his hours of leiſure, ſhould find delight and pleaſure in forming his mind after the noble gentleneſs of an excellent female ſoul?——If——But enough!——I have diſmiſſed my fifer.

CHATINKA.

But is not the muſic of the flute charming?

EMPEROR.

And the performer too.

CHATINKA.

Then what is loſt in the excellence of his performance, is made up by your own goodneſs in ſuffering him!

EMPEROR.

How ſo?

CHATINKA.

I fancy to myſelf that Princes may be compared to exemplary fathers of families: the wiſe father of a family

a family is œconomical according to his circumſtances——but he ſuffers ſeverely for it, when he is obliged from neceſſity to be ſo at the expence of his domeſtics.

EMPEROR.

The fifer ſhall not want bread to eat, even if he ſhould never find practice again.

CHATINKA.

(Kiſſing his hand.) Noble Emperor!

EMPEROR.

Well, but as we have now taken leave of this fellow, we muſt think on ſomething elſe——there chanced to come in my way this morning, a young and very clever performer on the guitar; if he ſhould happen to meet thy approbation he ſhall ſtay with me. He is now in the next apartment—*(Calling at the door.)* Begin! *(An adagio is heard behind the ſcenes.)*

CHATINKA.

Beautiful! extremely beautiful!——there is ſpirit and life in his tones——he underſtands his ſcience, and ſtrikes his way immediately to your ſoul. Oh what a remembrance does that awaken in me!——my brother played too on the guitar.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Indeed?

CHATINKA.

I could almoſt ſay as well as this perſon; certainly with as much vivacity.

EMPEROR.

I am rejoiced at that.

CHATINKA.

We were often aſſembled with my father and his little worthy ſociety, under the walnut trees in the court on a ſummer evening; my brother played, we ſung——and thus pure harmony flowed from the inſtrument, and from our lips in like manner as it did from our ſouls.

EMPEROR.

Now I think I muſt introduce this brave young profeſſor to thee; he is thy Countryman.

CHATINKA.

My Coutryman?

EMPEROR.

A Marienburger.

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

A Marienburger? a Marienburger? *(During this time the Emperor opens the ſide door, and a cry of joy is heard.)* God!

SCENE IX.

The EMPEROR, CHATINKA, GLUCK *and* EDWARD.

EDWARD.

(Running out.) My ſiſter!

CHATINKA.

(In his arms.) My Edward! my brother!

GLUCK.

Oh my child! my child!

CHATINKA.

Oh my father, my beſt, my tendereſt father!

GLUCK.

Is it poſſible?

CHATINKA.

(Embracing father and brother.) Oh ſuch joy as this overcomes the human ſoul!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Sallon.

MENZIKOF *alone.*

(Sitting at a Table in the poſition of deep reflexion.)

To receive me thus!——to treat me thus!—— to humiliate me in the preſence of miſerable fellows who give themſelves out for the deputies of a Merchants Company, and who in fact are nothing more or leſs than raſcally uſurers! *(Bitter.)* And yet one is to be envied for being called the Prince's friend! Friends do not ſubmiſſively crouch and ſneak to be the ſport of their humour!——

SCENE II.

MENZIKOF, *and* NATALIA.

NATALIA.

(*Approaches him ſoftly, obſerves him for a while, and then ſpeaks to him with gentle anxiety.*) Dear Alexander!

MENZIKOF.

What's the matter?

NATALIA.

I am anxious about thee.

MENZIKOF.

Superfluous cares!

NATALIA.

And even if they were ſo, needeſt thou repulſe them ſo diſdainfully? Has the care of the tender wife for her huſband leſs good grounds than the care of a tender huſband for that wife?

MENZIKOF.

Noble, good, lovely woman!

NATALIA.

(*Embracing him.*) Now thou art thyſelf again! (*After a pauſe.*) Art thou going to the Emperor?

MENZIKOF.

Yes!

NATALIA.

Wilt thou be compoſed and moderate when thou art with him!

MENZIKOF.

That might a miſerable, creeping, hypocritical fellow be capable of: not I!

NATALIA.

Thou knoweſt the Emperor well.

MENZIKOF.

But he knows not me.

NATALIA.

I pray thee, have patience with the Emperor!

MENZIKOF.

To have the ſentiments of honour, to be active with all the powers and faculties of thy ſoul—— devote

devote thyſelf wholly to the ſtate and ſovereign, and to be then abandoned!——to have patience to be kicked and cuffed about according to the humour or fancy of the great!——oh there riſes an indignation in my ſoul that muſt conſume me, if it dared not break out!

NATALIA.

The Emperor loves thee.

MENZIKOF.

And miſuſes me openly!

NATALIA.

He has raiſed thee very high——

MENZIKOF.

That by it I might be the more ſenſible of a fall ——of every ſpecies of humiliation.

NATALIA.

——Has diſtinguiſhed thee above all the great men in Ruſſia.

MENZIKOF.

Oh that he had rather left me in obſcurity!

NATALIA.

——Has preſented thee a prodigious field of action for thy ſpirit.

MENZIKOF.

And has not my ſpirit laboured in this prodigious field of action?

NATALIA.

That it ſurely has; but was it not duty thus to labour? Wouldeſt thou be the man thou art, if thou couldeſt have done it with leſs ſatisfaction? Is not the conſciouſneſs of having fulfilled one's deſtiny with ſuch honour and diſtinction ſufficient to make one ſuperior to every kind of ill treatment? Should not the man who feels his own worth, be leſs ſuſceptible of offence? Is it not the part of Reſolution to forgive offence?——a luxury which the ſelf-intereſted, bold man, ſwoln by bare apparent merit, knows not even the name of!

MENZIKOF.

Dear good woman—with what addreſs thou canſt bring me back to myſelf!

NATALIA.

NATALIA.

The ardent zeal of the Emperor for the welfare of his people, for good arrangement and for the protection of his laws, is well known to thee. How would it have been, Alexander, if inſtead of the Emperor, it had been but the counſels of ſome other affectionate friend—had he exceeded the bounds of decorum, and cried ingloriouſly——the zeal of the Emperor has offended?

MENZIKOF.

How ſubtile, Natalia!

NATALIA.

Canſt thou heſitate a moment to forgive this zeal—a zeal that thou wouldeſt certainly at laſt forgive thyſelf out of grateful acknowledgement?

MENZIKOF.

I could almoſt have ſaid, how very true, Natalia!

NATALIA.

I am thy wife. I love thee. Thy love conſtitutes all my happineſs, fills every wiſh of my life. Our deſtinies flow on in one ſole inſeparable courſe; thy honour, thy fame is my pride and my bliſs.

Thy

Thy dishonour, thy disgrace would be felt more severely in this tender heart than even by thy own. But in this case, Alexander, I feel nothing more than a little trifling misconception of the affair between the Emperor and thee, that barely awaken'd in me the well-minded sincere anxiety, lest it might prove the occasion of a misunderstanding of greater consequence.

MENZIKOF.

(*Composed.*) No, that it shall not!

NATALIA.

Thou wilt continue tranquil too when thou art speaking with the Emperor.

MENZIKOF.

Yes!

NATALIA.

Thou art proud, and conscious of thy own worth. The Emperor never had a humour of equal tone with thine; he is yet more impetuous, more effervescent——and withal never forgets that he is the Emperor. Oh forget not thou neither in such a moment that it is the Emperor with whom thou speakest!

MENZIKOF.

MENZIKOF.

Thou mayeſt rely on it, that I will not—I'll be myſelf!

NATALIA.

How am I to underſtand this?

MENZIKOF.

I ſhall be tranquil, but I ſhall be ſteady.

SCENE III.

NATALIA, MENZIKOF *and the* EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

(Serious and ſombre, to Natalia.) I have to ſpeak with the Field Marſhal! *(Natalia curtſies and goes.)* The Commandant of Kronſtadt has conducted himſelf in a very exceptionable manner towards my Dutch Merchants.

MENZIKOF.

I muſt confeſs this aſtoniſhes me much from the Commandant of Kronſtadt.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

I know people readily take their creatures under their protection.

MENZIKOF.

I do not believe that I merit this reproach from your Majeſty. In every employment my gracious Sovereign ever confided to my charge, it was always my firſt care to find out the moſt active men and beſt heads to place in diſtinguiſhed poſts.

EMPEROR.

But one ſometimes fails in one's calculation.

MENZIKOF.

That is moſt true, my gracious Lord! and never more apt to do ſo than in this caſe——

EMPEROR.

Therefore one ought to give much reflection to this matter——

MENZIKOF.

Whoever is a candidate for promotion commonly appears under a maſk: oftentimes it has happened that I have torn it from the face of the deceiver, but not always——who is there in all Ruſſia more frequently

frequently or more ſhamefully deceived by hypocrites than my gracious Sovereign himſelf.

EMPEROR.

(*Somewhat touched and growing calm.*) Henceforwards I will not ſuffer any man to take the liberty in the ſmalleſt degree of ill treating ſtrangers ——moſt eſpecially Dutch Merchants.

MENZIKOF.

But in caſe, that exceſſes——

EMPEROR.

Little exceſſes may be paſſed over——I will be informed of great ones myſelf——it has coſt me no ſmall labour to bring merchandize and commerce into my ports:——woe be to them who would reſtrain or throw difficulties in its way in the ſlighteſt degree!——The commandant ſhall make reparation to the merchants——and if he ſhould prove as guilty as 'tis ſaid he is, he ſhall ſit under arreſt ſix months, on bread and water!——(*Menzikof going.*) Yet a little:——was he in the right too reſpecting the monopolizers of corn?

MENZIKOF.

With the delivery of corn——yes!

EMPEROR.

I will not ſuffer any Jew in my dominions to oppreſs my people, and ſpread a famine amongſt my induſtrious ſubjects; but now it appears that my proſpects here are rendered vain.

MENZIKOF.

How ſo, my gracious Lord?

EMPEROR.

Becauſe my former brave generals are now become monopolizers.

MENZIKOF.

My gracious Lord, you ſhould not ſo greatly humiliate brave generals!

EMPEROR.

Brave generals ſhould not then give occaſion for ſuch humiliation;——ſhould not ſnatch the morſel of bread from the hand of the induſtrious artizan ——ſhould not——to be monopolizers——

MENZIKOF.

(*Interrupting.*) May it pleaſe your Majeſty——

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Be ſilent——I will not ſuffer this!——Believe not, that becauſe I have granted you my confidence——with the power of uſing it according to your judgment——that you are to allow yourſelf the liberty of ſuch an unprecedented ſtretch of injuſtice.

MENZIKOF.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty——

EMPEROR.

Be ſilent I ſay! it is ever the weakeſt and moſt pernicious *trait* in the character of a Prince to have favourites. I will have none. And he who is capable of ſo great an error as to prefer being my favourite to being my friend, ſhall not be puniſhed, but ſhall be corrected by me.

MENZIKOF.

To be your favourite——by Heaven I was never ambitious of this honour——to be a Prince's favourite! I never held this trifle honourable——nor ever undervalued my own worth as an honeſt man ſo far.——My Sovereign was pleaſed to call me his friend: I was proud of the title; it awakened and elevated my mind, and concentred by it

every power of my ſoul!——The ſuffering friend can remain ſilent, but the injured, diſhonoured man can not!——I preſume on nothing farther than what is due from the Emperor to the moſt inſignificant of his ſubjects;——the right of juſtifying myſelf!

EMPEROR.

Juſtify yourſelf then! [*Exit Menzikof.*

SCENE IV.

The EMPEROR *and* CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

My gracious Sovereign! *(As ſhe obſerves the dark clouded countenance of the Emperor, ſhe draws back with timidity.)* Pardon, your Majeſty.

EMPEROR.

Art thou away ſo ſoon, Chatinka?

CHATINKA.

I came in by miſtake!

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Stay!

CHATINKA.

Yes, if I were not afraid of ſtaying here!

EMPEROR.

Why ſo?

CHATINKA.

My gracious Sovereign looks ſo terrible——ſo fearfully——ſo——I cannot rightly expreſs how—my Sovereign looks.

EMPEROR.

(Somewhat more cheerful.) What does it moſtly reſemble then?

CHATINKA.

As you did lately in the veſſel, when the immoderate noiſe of the indiſcreet ſaucy Moors awakened you out of your afternoon nap, you looked then almoſt as ſombre and angry.

EMPEROR.

Not quite ſo?

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

Oh no! as when the imprudent Velten lately cut up the Dutch cheeſe ſo unmercifully, you looked then vaſtly angry.

EMPEROR.

(Ever a little more ſerene.) As thus?

CHATINKA.

Not altogether ſo either! ——as lately when Le Blond had trimmed and arranged the trees in the orange grove after the French manner, you looked wild and impetuous, as if——

EMPEROR.

Now 'tis coming!

CHATINKA.

——As if ſome treaſonable plot was formed againſt the ſtate;——as if the enemy with an innumerable army had entered far within the frontiers and plundered and laid all in devaſtation;—as if a tempeſt had ariſen and buried all your armed fleet beneath the raging waves.

EMPEROR.

Ought I to look ſerene in this predicament too?

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

For my part, were I in the Emperor's place, I would not let even that diſquiet me too far.

EMPEROR.

No? why not?

CHATINKA.

In the firſt inſtance, becauſe I had a ſtateſman, a warrior, and a friend ſuch as your Majeſty poſſeſſes in Field Marſhal Menzikof.

EMPEROR.

Come, go on!

CHATINKA.

Friend, I would ſay to him, each day thou haſt given me active proofs of thy ſtedfaſt faith towards me. I rely on the powers of thy mind for the difficult taſk of quelling this rebellion——in the ſpace of a few days it is ſuppreſſed.

EMPEROR.

Thou haſt great confidence in the Field Marſhal.

CHATINKA.

Then I would ſay to him again:——my friend, thou art the terror of thy enemies: at Pultawa alone

alone the Emperor and thy country had to thank thee for their deliverance: they honour thee, they love thee——would bleed for thee——for with thee their armies fight and conquer.——Go forth, revenge my cauſe.——Exterminate my enemies!—He goes——he conquers——he revenges——he exterminates!

EMPEROR.

And if he as well repairs the ravages of the tempeſtuous ſeas?

CHATINKA.

My friend, would I ſay in this caſe; the loſs is terrible; what is to be done? how ſhall my fleet be renewed without exhauſting my treaſures, without oppreſſing my people?——He goes——he retires awhile within himſelf——he returns again with a wiſe plan, and ſhews how this ſum may be raiſed by retrenching the expences of the Court; by ſuſpending for a while the progreſs of ſuperfluous public edifices; how another ſum might be produced by a prudent reduction of ſtate ſervices, and that a part of the army be employed on the naval eſtabliſhment——very ſoon would he thus recover the fleet without either exhauſting the treaſury, or having oppreſs'd the people.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

(With warmth.) Yes, he is the man! and in him I have the man!

CHATINKA.

Where can be found the Prince who would not be proud of this ſtateſman, this warrior, this friend of the people? he who could miſtake, and miſuſe, he——

EMPEROR.

(Concerned and confuſed.) How——what ſayeſt thou Chatinka?——who has then——who ſhall? ——Girl, girl——the buſineſs is begun!

CHATINKA.

What is begun, my gracious Lord? If the buſineſs has given occaſion for clearing up a truth, it may be well begun! *[Exit quick.*

SCENE V.

The EMPEROR, *and* MENZIKOF.

MENZIKOF.

(With papers in his hand, compoſed, but with dignity.) Is it your Majeſty's pleaſure to hear my juſtification?

EMPEROR.

(*Amicably.*) With all my heart, Alexander!

MENZIKOF.

It ſhall be conciſe and perfect! (*Preſenting a chair to the Emperor.*) What regards the commandant of Kronſtadt——

EMPEROR.

Not a ſingle word of that! the reproach I make to myſelf of having often beſtowed my confidence on unworthy objects ſufficiently juſtifies thee. Now of the furniſhing the troops!

MENZIKOF.

'Tis now a full year ſince there was a public auction held for the contracts, four merchants who now come forwards as my accuſers appeared there, each of whom had property ſufficient to have had the undertaking ſeparately.——The very inſignificant progreſs, and the whole manner of carrying on the affair gave riſe to a ſuſpicion that theſe men had a ſecret underſtanding with each other, to rob the ſtate of a large ſum by their exorbitant demands for this furniture contract. And on theſe grounds they were diſmiſſed; that this was not a bare ſuſpicion was proved ſoon after on the firſt examination

tion I got made. Here are the proofs—— *(Preſents the papers.)*

EMPEROR.

(After having looked through the papers.) Proceed!

MENZIKOF.

There was then a ſearch made for contractors, with offers of the moſt favourable conditions.—— They balanced and at laſt drew back, which led to a poſitive diſcovery that theſe had received a conſiderable preſent from the firſt party to break off, and have nothing farther to do in the buſineſs— of which theſe are the proofs, *(Preſenting papers to the Emperor.)*

EMPEROR.

(After having looked them through.) They are perfectly right! Theſe are fine Merchants!

MENZIKOF.

I at length gave encouragement to ſome vigilant and rich citizens, put twenty thouſand rubles of my own property into the contract, and aſſociated myſelf with them on the article of loſs and gain. The buſineſs was undertaken at thirty per cent. below the ordinary mode of contracts, and not-

withſtanding this, the contractors reaped a very conſiderable profit from it. (*Preſenting papers.*) Here are my accounts!——on my part alone there aroſe a neat profit of eight thouſand rubles——a ſtrong proof that this buſineſs may in future be contracted for on more favourable terms.

EMPEROR.

Thou haſt kept thy word, Alexander; thy juſtification has been conciſe and perfect.

MENZIKOF.

Do you not recollect a certain Werner Müller?

EMPEROR.

Extremely well!——he has an iron work in Iſtia?

MENZIKOF.

He is an honeſt, active, and enterpriſing German. He required the uſe of a ſum of money to improve his work. The treaſury is not at this moment in the beſt condition. The profit I have gained by my contract, I have advanced to this honeſt Müller, for as long as he ſhall find it neceſſary, without intereſt.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

(*Embracing him.*) Who beſides my Alexander can boaſt of ſuch a noble manner of thinking?

MENZIKOF.

I ſhall ever ſincerely rejoice, if the ſtrong impreſſion I have of my Emperor's manner of thinking, may prove a uſeful incitement to me.

EMPEROR.

Canſt thou forgive my impetuoſity?

MENZIKOF.

My Sovereign! your zeal for the good of the commonwealth cannot be miſtaken, even where for its ſake you have failed towards the friend. 'Tis a greatneſs rare in the character of Princes to be ſo wholly incorruptible in the cares and welfare of their ſtates——that even where it comes in competition with friendſhip, the cauſe of the ſtate bears off the triumph! yet however——dare I ſay what I wiſh?

EMPEROR.

Speak, Alexander.

MENZIKOF.

MENZIKOF.

If I fail through a firm confidence of the ſteadineſs of my principles——then am I perhaps in the ſame predicament as my Sovereign, to have failed through my zeal for the public good——there too my Sovereign may not find me more guilty than another——but however, he may always be perſuaded that Menzikof knows not a more ardent wiſh than that of being Peter's ſincere friend, the Emperor's moſt faithful ſubject, and his country's moſt active citizen!

EMPEROR.

(*Putting his arm round Menzikof's back.*) There are two perſons in the creation who have rendered themſelves indiſpenſibly neceſſary to my happineſs: Chatinka——and Menzikof!

MENZIKOF.

My Emperor, my Peter——(*They go off with their arms round each others back.*)

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Chatinka's Chamber.

NATALIA, GLUCK, *and* EDWARD.

NATALIA.

Now my dear ſir, I have ſhewn you every thing here worthy your notice, except what you ought to have ſeen firſt, Chatinka's apartment.

EDWARD.

(Ever happy, full of curioſity and aſtoniſhment.) Is this her apartment?

NATALIA.

Have we not lodged her well?

GLUCK.

(Ever uneaſy, and full of ſuſpicion.) Vaſtly well, and vaſtly ill, my honoured lady! but conſidering it on the whole——rather ill than well.

NATALIA.

How ſo?

GLUCK.

GLUCK.

Becauſe ſhe is far too well lodged. (*Aſide.*) What do I ſee! what do I hear!——and what muſt I conjecture from all what I have ſeen and heard?

EDWARD.

(*At the window.*) Is not that Kronſtadt?——as I live one can ſee from hence to Kronſtadt at one view!

NATALIA.

(*Going to the oppoſite window.*) But what is ſtill more worth ſeeing than that proſpect, is our Chatinka's hermitage, ſo ſmall, ſo romantic, ſo ſolitary and retired from the world, that the moſt pious hermit could not wiſh for a more ſolemn obſcurity for the hour of his moſt ardent prayer, or the moſt ſublime flight of his raptures!

EDWARD.

Charming!——I ſhould delight in ſuch a place as that to compoſe ariettes for my guitar?

GLUCK.

It might be well if ſhe had prayed too in this ſolemn obſcurity?

NATALIA.

NATALIA.

Is not every action and paſſion of a pure ſoul—prayer and thankſgiving to Heaven?

GLUCK.

Formerly it might have been ſo——formerly her prayers were the ſpontaneous effuſions of a pure and guileleſs ſoul.——But now——at the court, madam, ſhe cannot pray with ſo pure a ſoul!

NATALIA.

In our court ſhe well may. In what is our court here different from a little cheerful family, retired within itſelf?

GLUCK.

That little place before us may poſſibly be the Emperor's favourite retreat too?

NATALIA.

The Emperor often enjoys a fine evening here.

GLUCK.

Many a fine evening?——Oh, the Emperor is a maſter in the art of enjoyment!

NATALIA.

Sometimes on fine evenings we take our ſupper here;——we have little converſation-parties, which are often turned on ſerious ſubjects; Chatinka makes the time paſs away inſenſibly——by her elegant wit, and noble candor——ſhe ſometimes ſings us one of her own country ſongs.

EDWARD.

I beg your pardon, gracious lady, but does ſhe never ſing the ſong that begins:

"Serene joy is the prize of exiſtence.
Cheerful ſong inſpires a cheerful humour,
Which is the moſt precious——moſt
Poignant reliſh of life?"

NATALIA.

That's preciſely the Emperor's favourire ariette.

EDWARD.

(*With violent joy.*) The Emperor's favourite ariette? the Emperor's favourite ariette? do you hear, father——the Emperor's favourite ariette!—I compoſed both the words and muſic of that myſelf——gracious lady!

NATALIA.

I gueſſed as much, Edward!

GLUCK.

Be not ſo vain of it; who knows if the whole approbation does not belong to the ſongſtreſs!

NATALIA.

Dear Sir, what's the matter with you? your diſcourſe, or rather the tone in which you utter it, appears very extraordinary to me!

GLUCK.

Much of what I ſee here, is equally ſo to me—*all* is extraordinary——unexpected——and wonderful.

NATALIA.

Wherefore that?——perhaps then we do not receive you as we ought to do?

GLUCK.

So well, madam, ſo complaiſantly, ſo condeſcendingly, that altogether it inſpires me with ſuch a degree of melancholy and trouble, that I know not to what cauſe I ought to aſcribe all this goodneſs!

NATALIA.

Learn firſt of all to know us, my dear ſir! I ſee Chatinka coming there, ſhe will ſpeak courage to you——and compoſe your mind.——I'll leave you with her! [*Exit*,

SCENE VII.

GLUCK *and* EDWARD.

EDWARD.

(*In deep thought within himſelf.*) Yes, that will be ſomething like an ariette! an ariette that cannot fail of pleaſing the Emperor ſtill more.

GLUCK.

(*Aſide.*) Can it be poſſible? a woman ſo good, ſo humane, ſo amiable, and however——I can ſcarcely be perſuaded to repeat the word to myſelf ——but the procureſs——the procureſs?

EDWARD.

(*To himſelf.*) That excels the words themſelves, that will ſound ſo ſolemn and martial.

GLUCK.

(*Aſide.*) What a ſad world is that of a court!—woe be to thee, unhappy father! ſhe is ſurely in the hands of plunderers.

EDWARD.

(*Aſide.*) 'Tis better ſo——then it will be charmingly adapted to the flute.

GLUCK.

GLUCK.

Edward——Edward!

EDWARD.

What is it father?

GLUCK.

Get thyſelf ready, we muſt return home again.

EDWARD.

No, I ſhall never get that out of my head again father, that my ſong ſhould be the Emperor's favourite air!

GLUCK.

Silly fellow——art thou ſtruck with blindneſs?

EDWARD.

How ſo, father?

GLUCK.

But yet——rather——it rather comes from thy ſimplicity of ſoul!

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

GLUCK, EDWARD, *and* CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

Forgive me, my dear father! I had two or three little affairs to diſpatch, in which I have had the happieſt ſucceſs——

GLUCK.

Thou haſt buſineſs to occupy thee here, according to what I ſee——

CHATINKA.

I am come this moment from a ſcene that drew tears from my eyes——it was but in the power of ſuch a moment to have kept me thus long from my father's tenderneſs.

GLUCK.

(*Aſide, and ſighing from the oppreſſion of his heart.*) Unhappy father!

CHATINKA.

I have been ſupplicating this day in behalf of a poor Colonel, who in puniſhment for negligence has been two years in priſon, and loſt his commiſſion with his liberty.

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Haſt thou done that, ſiſter, of thyſelf?

CHATINKA.

His wife and children——four helpleſs little ones have lived juſt by here ever ſince, in the moſt dreadful poverty!

GLUCK.

Since when, has poverty become ſo dreadful to thee?

CHATINKA.

Since I have learnt to be more nearly acquainted with miſery, that the perverſe corruption of rank and birth, the vain prodigality of diſtinguiſhed libertiniſm, the accidental caprices of the great and powerful, are accuſtomed to uſurp an arbitrary power over the inferior claſſes of mankind——they came——they embraced my knees——

GLUCK.

(*Bitter.*) Embraced thy knees!——

CHATINKA.

——And wept. Oh what delight one's ſoul is filled with at the ſight of grateful tears from thoſe one

one has comforted! The family are now going to reſide at the Colonel's ſtation——they have no money——how happy am I in being able to offer them ſome little ſupport from my ſavings! (*She opens a ſtrong box.*)

EDWARD.

(*Peeping curiouſly into the box.*) Is that all thine? oh, dear Heaven!——do but look father!——oh Lord, what a wealth ſhe has got neſtled there in that little cheſt.

CHATINKA.

(*Preſenting her brother with a purſe.*) This, my Edward, is for thy welcome! (*Taking her father to the ſtrong box.*) And you, my dear father——how could I be happy, and rejoice in the poſſeſſion of this, if it had not been more for you than for myſelf that I had collected it?——

GLUCK.

How cameſt thou by theſe precious things?

CHATINKA.

Through the kindneſs of the Princeſs, and partly from the liberality of the Emperor.

GLUCK.

(*Out of humour.*) The Emperor?

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

I ſhould have been twice as rich, if I could have forgotten your precept, never to be œconomical at the expence of poverty.

EDWARD.

There, look father! So much gold as this has never been in my hand before.

GLUCK.

(*Severely remonſtrating.*) Edward!

EDWARD.

(*Concerned.*) My father——

GLUCK.

(*Commanding.*) Give it back!

CHATINKA.

Oh grant us both this little pleaſure, my dear father!

GLUCK.

(*Earneſt.*) Give it back. (*Edward lays it on the table.*) Was it not heavy in thy hand?

EDWARD.

Why ſhould it be heavy, my father?

GLUCK.

(Afflicted.) Oh Edward——the honour of thy ſiſter ſticks to this gold!

CHATINKA.

Oh my father!——for Heaven's ſake——

GLUCK.

(To Edward.) Doſt thou not remember the anguiſh of my midnight hours?—Oh Edward, theſe frightful dreams, inſpired by a father's anxiety, are now verified!

CHATINKA.

How could ſuch a thought ever enter your mind, father?

GLUCK.

Oh my God! was then the vanity of my dreams on the angelic purity and virtue of this girl ſo great a ſin, that for its ſake thou haſt bent me thus low in affliction? *(Out of himſelf.)* Oh my heart! my ſenſes!——ſupport me Edward!——forſake not thy poor father when he has loſt his ſenſes!

CHATINKA.

Liſten to me however, at leaſt, my father!

GLUCK.

GLUCK.

Know that I have ſold all I had, and have been wandering for theſe five moons paſt in unknown countries, afflicted with all the infirmities of old age, of poverty, of difficulties and miſeries in ſearch of my child.

CHATINKA.

And you have found her, my father!

GLUCK.

That I might loſe her again to all eternity! Oh woe, woe is the father who finds his child again as I have found thee! And woe be to the child that in ſuch a manner can forfeit a parent's anxious care!

CHATINKA.

I conjure you to liſten to me!

GLUCK.

Approach me not ſo nearly, girl! we are become ſtrangers to each other. Away from me!—Oh regard me not ſo in the face with that look!——In all the brilliancy that ſurrounds thee, in all the joy and voluptuouſneſs of the court, in which thou appeareſt to ſhine, thou willſt——— Oh come Edward, come——or elſe I may be tempted to curſe her!

CHATINKA.

Curſe me my father?——to curſe me?

GLUCK.

No, that I will not! I will not curſe thee: but bleſs——bleſs thee?——that I cannot do either! Come Edward, before that the anguiſh of my ſoul has preſſed me down into the earth on this ſpot! *(Edward leads his father out.)*

CHATINKA.

(Alone.) Oh my father, how canſt thou ſo far miſtake me?——ſhall I go after him? no! in the exceſs of his anguiſh, he will have no ear for truth. I'll leave him to come to himſelf a little again, and then——with what extacy wilt thou preſs thy innocent child to thy heart! [*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

A Garden, from one Side of which is a magnificent Proſpect of the Sea, and from the other a view of wooded Mountains.——One ſees a Dutch Veſſel coaſting along the Shore.

SCENE I.

The EMPEROR *and* NATALIA.

EMPEROR.

(*Taking Natalia's arm.*) I am heartily rejoiced, my dear princeſs, that this my favourite ſpot is your's too.

NATALIA.

The creative genius of my ſovereign has metamorphoſed all here into a paradiſe; which, under the foſtering care of his hand, has ſhot forth into immediate bloom.

EMPEROR.

I amuſe myſelf here better than any where: here my ſoul breathes more freely. Here I am more ſuſceptible

ſuſceptible of every pleaſing impreſſion; is it not the ſame with you, Princeſs?

NATALIA.

I could almoſt ſay perfectly ſo.

EMPEROR.

I judge moſt readily of mankind after my own feelings——and by that rule I have not done ſo far amiſs in bringing you here.

NATALIA.

Why ſo, my gracious lord?

EMPEROR.

My plan was to make you ſenſible of ſomething that for me is no trifle——and I have my hopes of your being more ſenſible to my cauſe here than elſewhere.

NATALIA.

I am all attention.

EMPEROR.

I have a ſecret to confide to you.

NATALIA.

A ſecret?

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

That long ere this can have been none to you.

NATALIA.

Who knows!——with our bold conjectures, we oftener make a falſe than a true gueſs.

EMPEROR.

I need your advice——

NATALIA.

My ſovereign might have addreſſed himſelf better than to me for this.

EMPEROR.

——Still more your aſſiſtance, the one you may give me——the other you cannot deny me.

NATALIA.

What name muſt I give to this condeſcenſion?

EMPEROR.

(*After a pauſe.*) I am in love!

NATALIA.

This is a ſecret I never ſhould have gueſſed.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

That is then, becauſe you would never have choſen to gueſs it. But it is nevertheleſs certainly ſo, as certainly, as entirely, as unalterably ſo, as a man can be with a ſound underſtanding, and ſo fair an occaſion——but with whom is the queſtion? becauſe that now you know the one, you muſt gueſs the other——which is no difficult matter if you chuſe to do it.——Well?

NATALIA.

(Somewhat embarraſſed.) Chatinka?

EMPEROR.

(Quick, but with preciſion.) Chatinka!

NATALIA.

How could that have poſſibly happened?

EMPEROR.

That's a queſtion I might equally well aſk you. But as I told you before, it is actually ſo, all my feelings, all my humours, all the thoughts of my ſoul, my very dreams aſſure me perpetually that it is ſo, that I love her, that my whole exiſtence is penetrated with her idea——that my fate is ſo interwoven with her's——that was it ſtill in my pow-

er

er to be free, I ſhould ſcarcely wiſh to diſengage myſelf from her chains!

NATALIA.

My Sovereign appears ſo deeply affected that he is ſcarcely himſelf——yet 'tis no wonder—ſince I am nearly the ſame myſelf from the aſtoniſhment it has cauſed me.

EMPEROR.

Do you not remember, Princeſs, when I ſaw her with you for the firſt time?

NATALIA.

Perfectly.

EMPEROR.

The impreſſion that her very firſt look made on my ſenſes was ſtrange and unaccountable, ſuch another was never known to me in my life. The delicate wit, the eaſy and elegant taſte of pleaſantry——the well informed mind, the pleaſing expreſſion, the noble ſimplicity, the ſerene modeſty of virgin manners——all this had ſo many charms, and ſecured ſuch an intereſt in me, in the very firſt converſation——that it ſurprized, made me thoughtful, and excited my aſtoniſhment. She ſaw well it was the Emperor with whom ſhe was ſpeak-

ing——but one could well perceive that ſhe felt not as a vulgar abject ſoul would have done, when converſing with the Emperor.——I went away—like a man who has been liſtening to harmonious muſic for hours together——all the ſweet melody of her tones ſtill vibrating on my ears, and touching my heart with ſuch energy for a long while after, as if I had been in the actual moment of liſtening to her. Immediately after, I was immerſed in all the buſtle and confuſion of ſtate affairs, during which it was impoſſible to make any examination into myſelf.——Her image never wholly forſook me——but oft returned like a mild ray of light——that for a moment cleared up the ſombre chaos of my diſmal imagination, and darted through the unpleaſant caſt of my ſoul——when thus her image croſſed the train of my ideas during the fatigues of dry ſtudy, it was a ſweet conſolation that gave me new life——afterwards I ſaw her often; ſaw her every day; ſaw her oftener than once in the day, becauſe that I often wiſhed to ſee her——wiſhed to be ever near her——every kind of amuſement became taſteleſs to me; I was never ſo well as when in her ſociety.

NATALIA.

What ſhall I ſay, my gracious Lord? how ought I to anſwer?

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Her worth became every day more evident to me; and with each coming day I found ſhe was ſtill dearer to my ſoul——each day was my paſſion fanned up more ardent in me, 'till the flame burſt forth ſtrong and unquenchable.——I can attribute it to nothing but the high conception I have of her virtue, her underſtanding, and her charms, that I do not bluſh in confeſſing to you that ſhe has nearly gained an unlimited power over me.

NATALIA.

The progreſs of the affair is extremely natural.

EMPEROR.

I am a friend to good humour; and ſeek cheerful perſons. I am not always ſo, nor can I be ſo always——but in a candid joyous ſociety I am commonly the ſame myſelf, and Chatinka is ſuch, that if I wiſhed to get a figure drawn, where in every feature is pourtrayed the expreſſion of purity——and the ſoul ſpeaking eloquently through a noble, cheerful countenance, I know of no original better qualified to ſit for it than ſhe is.

NATALIA.

Joy and innocence united as in her's, produces a moſt glorious expreſſion of countenance.

EMPEROR.

She has much underſtanding, a clear perception, and great ability without precipitation.

NATALIA.

One may ſay——the underſtanding of a very ſenſible man;——and what the underſtanding of very ſenſible men ſo rarely poſſeſſes——it offends not.

EMPEROR.

The aſſured preſence of mind, the calm look of manly intrepidity in the hour of danger——does not this excite every ſentiment of veneration and eſteem?——In a tempeſt on the open ſea I ſaw the life of this lovely maid in danger, I trembled for her——but ſhe knew not how to tremble. Her countenance was calm, her cheeks roſy.——There was courage and reſolution in the tone of her voice ——her preſence of mind was not for herſelf alone, but for all who ſurrounded her.——If ſuch intrepidity in a man commands reſpect, muſt one not be enchanted with this beautiful, lovely, intrepid girl!

NATALIA.

Enchanted——yes!

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

She certainly muſt know the power ſhe has over me, and the uſe ſhe might make of it? ſhe muſt know that I am not maſter enough of myſelf to deny her any thing; yet ſhe has in all things ſo much generous conſideration for me as never to offer any petition but ſuch as I ought to be thankful for having preſented to me. Would not this alone conſtitute her an angel, if ſhe was deſtitute of every other charm?

NATALIA.

This portrait riſes to almoſt living colours.

EMPEROR.

Liberality is a moſt humane virtue; the ſilent manner, the modeſt gentle tone, the mild colouring of interior affection and kindneſs in giving raiſes it to a godlike virtue, *Thus*, I have not the art of beſtowing——but am accuſtomed to believe I have done enough, when I ſee my ſuperfluity flowing into the boſom of poverty, through another hand! When Chatinka gives, ſhe does it in ſo delicate a manner, ſo amiably, that it in itſelf relieves and conſoles equal to the gift itſelf.

NATALIA.

'Tis a tranſporting ſight for a woman of ſentiment to ſee a great man ſoftened through his admiration of a noble minded woman.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

(With ardour.) That I ſhall be, adorable Princeſs, that I hope, and that I promiſe myſelf——

NATALIA.

My gracious lord——

EMPEROR.

——That your heart will compaſſionate the feelings of mine, that you——now I know how to make you comprehend me, now I need no farther circumlocution——but ſtrait to the point!——Is Chatinka ſtill unprepoſſeſſed in my favour, ſtill——

NATALIA.

That I am very certain of!

EMPEROR.

That you are certain of?

NATALIA.

Becauſe I know Chatinka.

EMPEROR.

Still has her virtue ſo much repulſive power over me as to contain me within ſuch ſtrict bounds of reſpectful ſubmiſſion——that with all the aſpiring impetuoſity

impetuoſity of my wiſhes, with all the unconquerable paſſions my mind is ſubject to, I can never advance my cauſe farther with her, than in the moment I ſaw her for the firſt time.——I have now poured forth into your friendly boſom the inmoſt ſecrets of my heart. She loves you, and hangs on you with all the warmth of filial affection——with unlimited confidence.——Can you comprehend me Princeſs?

NATALIA.

(*With dignity and conſcious honour.*) Yes, my Sovereign, I do! and feel myſelf in this affront, deeply humiliated below the nobleneſs of my ſex.

EMPEROR.

(*Concerned.*) Princeſs——

NATALIA.

But no!——my Sovereign may have chanced to forget himſelf.——For to offend me in this ſhape ——ſo groſsly to offend me——that he never could have wiſhed to do.

EMPEROR.

My dear Princeſs——

NATALIA.

NATALIA.

My Sovereign has been pleaſed to diſcloſe to me the moſt ſecret feelings of his heart——this demands an equal confidence on my part.——Well, my Sovereign!——I will likewiſe pour forth my whole ſoul before you——the choice your love has made, does honour to your taſte.

EMPEROR.

Does it not, Princeſs?

NATALIA.

'Tis pity that taſte and heart have not always a perfect underſtanding with each other, then I might pronounce with equal confidence, that this choice did honour to my Emperor's heart.

EMPEROR.

What kind of a definition can you give me of this, Princeſs?

NATALIA.

Perhaps it was not neceſſary to have ſaid ſo much——Perhaps is this otherwiſe excellent heart of the Emperor——excellent here too; and he condemns himſelf ofttimes, perhaps, for what out of mere paſſion——

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

How ſo, Princeſs? explain yourſelf better!

NATALIA.

If my Sovereign was ſo thoroughly perſuaded of the purity and uprightneſs of his intentions, wherein ſhould he ſo anxiouſly have ſought for interceſſion, to make the advocate ſenſible of this maturely deliberated election to an honour that promiſes the moſt fortunate advantages? How could I withhold myſelf from making ſuch an explanation, from the obſcure, far-fetched winding manner—which is ſo widely different from the exalted greatneſs, and noble candour which is wont to diſtinguiſh every action of my Sovereign?——But will not your own heart repeat to you in the ſerene hour, when paſſion for a moment is lulled to ſleep ——THIS LOVELY MAID is far too good to make a miſtreſs of?

EMPEROR.

(*Aſide.*) On that I was not altogether reſolved.

NATALIA.

To be the miſtreſs of a man of diſtinction, or a man without diſtinction, is equally baſe and humiliating. The inſignificant circumſtance of her having a coach and ſix——that ſhe ſhines reſplen-

dant in all the dazzling pomp and brilliancy of jewels, that ſhe can command a thouſand ſlaves with a nod——makes her not one degree better, nor one jot leſs the miſtreſs, in the eyes of a man of delicate honour.

EMPEROR.

I have addreſſed myſelf but poorly I ſee!

NATALIA.

That is what I thought myſelf in the beginning ——ere I knew preciſely what this counſel could tend to——but now I am fully perſuaded that in the preſent caſe, my Sovereign could not have addreſſed himſelf better to any perſon than me. Is it permitted me to recount the beginning of my acquaintance with Chatinka, it's progreſs, and her preſent ſituation, and to hang up this portrait oppoſite to your love?

EMPEROR.

Yes.

NATALIA.

When Marienburg was taken by ſtorm, Chatinka amidſt the horrid confuſion of plunder, became the prize of one of your ſoldiers. Reflect only on her ſituation.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

It muſt have been moſt horrible.

NATALIA.

So much the more ſo, as the prize was a precious one in the eyes of the plunderer. General Bauer, that benevolent German, took her from him, under his own protection; my huſband ſaw her with him——ſhe pleaſed him——and he deſtined her for my ſervice——my Sovereign was preſent laſt ſummer when in the orange grove, a trembling dove purſued by a hawk fled for ſhelter into my boſom. Thus Chatinka imagined ſhe had eſcaped the power of the plunderer when ſhe was brought to me, ſhe threw herſelf at my feet; diſſolved into a flood of tears; implored my protection, and called me her deliverer. I lifted the dear apprehenſive death-like maiden up, comforted her, and made her the moſt ſolemn vow to ſtand her in the ſtead of a mother.

EMPEROR.

That was moſt truly humane!

NATALIA.

We ſoon underſtood each other, the aſtoniſhing uniſon in all our ſentiments, our wiſhes and man-

ner of thinking, convinced me that in her I poſſeſſed a moſt invaluable prize, and I have found in this excellent girl a faithful, upright and unalterable friend.

EMPEROR.

Excellent, very excellent Princeſs.

NATALIA.

Would it not at preſent offend my Sovereign in the moſt ſenſible degree, if I could be guilty of aſking him: if I muſt overſtep the bounds of friendſhip and honour ſo far as to commit a breach of faith and truth towards this poor diſtreſſed and forſaken orphan?——My Sovereign anſwers me not? my Sovereign is noble and great:——I have not forfeited his favour.

EMPEROR.

I ſuſpected no ſuch adverſary in you!

NATALIA.

Then I am really of more worth than the Emperor had ſuſpected. (*Seizing his hand gently, but aſſured.*) No, I have not forfeited your favour!——but by Heaven was it not the invaluable favour of my Sovereign, I ſhould be proud of having forfeited it in ſuch a cauſe! [*Exit.*

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

(*Alone.*) My favour?——No, charming, noble-minded woman——thou haſt not forfeited it!——But thou haſt ſurpriſed me, and led me into the moſt ſcrupulous timidity; ſtupified me with lectures, ſchool maſtered me like a boy;——with one ſtroke haſt thou daſhed out my whole plan——that haſt thou!——with one ſingle ſtroke to efface my——plan? No, ſo fine a plan no woman ſhall reaſon me out of.——Shall an over delicate woman blight all my proſpects!——the combat has already laſted too long. (*Pauſes.*)——It begins to grow dark, and I had nearly forgotten that I was a viſit in debt——my old captains will be waiting for me.——(*He goes towards the ſhip, and as he approaches it he is met by a multitude of ſailors.*), God bleſs you my brave comrades! have you any pancakes?

SAILORS.

Yes, yes, pancakes in plenty.——(*The Emperor goes into the ſhip, the ſailors follow huzzaing.*)

SCENE

SCENE II.

CHATINKA *and* EDWARD.

(Both coming in at the same moment from different sides.

CHATINKA.

Haſt thou found him?

EDWARD.

Yes.

CHATINKA.

Heaven be praiſed!

EDWARD.

He was there in the little ſycamore grove, he was on his knees praying.

CHATINKA.

How did he look?

EDWARD.

Compoſed and ſerious.

CHATINKA.

Oh that terrible compoſure!——didſt thou ſpeak to him?

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

I entreated——I conjured him to hear thee.

CHATINKA.

Moſt excellent brother!——and his anſwer?——

EDWARD.

Was, that he would hear thee; that he was prepared for every thing;——even——

CHATINKA.

Well?

EDWARD.

——Even to hear the circumſtances of thy diſhonour from thy own mouth.

CHATINKA.

My diſhonour?——he ſhall hear and preſs his child with tranſport to his boſom!——Look there brother——is not that he? yes it is——he totters on his ſtaff. The moon caſts her friendly rays on his venerable ſilver hair, his look is directed ſolemnly towards heaven——his movement and figure is full of dignity——in all is the ſublime picture of a noble, patient ſufferer!

SCENE

SCENE III.

CHATINKA, EDWARD, *and* GLUCK.

CHATINKA.

(Going to her father and kiſſing his hand.) My father! *(Preſſing his hand to her heart.)* My dear father, I have been ſeeking you——'tis perhaps better that we have not found each other ſooner.

GLUCK.

Or that we had never found each other again!

CHATINKA.

That would have been bad, my father! very bad! without bleſſing, the curſe in his heart againſt an innocent child——no, the man who throughout his whole life had never been guilty of the leaſt injuſtice towards the moſt unworthy of his fellow creatures——would not now all at once become the moſt cruel and unjuſt of fathers in condemning his own child without having heard her!

GLUCK.

Oh my God!

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

Still does my father regard me as guilty; ſtill, after he has had a moment of ſolitary contemplation to regain his tranquility?

GLUCK.

Contemplation may mitigate my anguiſh, but can never give me tranquility.

CHATINKA.

Do you ſtill perſiſt in regarding me as guilty, while I your child, with a heart tranſported with joy, my ſoul overflowing with delight, can with courage ſtand before you?——yet——even now ——even——

GLUCK.

Would it were poſſible!

CHATINKA.

I preſs your hand to my heart; I look ſo unconſcious, with ſuch a filial look on your afflicted countenance! I looked forward with ſuch unſpeakable deſire to the bleſſed moment of our meeting again.

GLUCK.

Oh Catherina!

CHATINKA.

Can a degenerate and fallen child look forwards with ſuch ardent deſire as I have done for the moment of meeting a virtuous father again?——oh my father!

GLUCK.

Is that true? oh deceive me not.

CHATINKA.

Has your child ever yet told you an untruth?

GLUCK.

If it was a lie——if I am to be awakened again out of this dream of Heaven——to be caſt back again——

CHATINKA.

And does my father regard me as capable of this infernal deceit?

GLUCK.

(*Contemplating her during a pauſe.*) Thou art innocent——come to my heart! yes, thou art innocent!

CHATINKA.

Oh my father!

GLUCK.

(*Still ſomewhat agitated.*) The Emperor appears to have much favour towards thee.

CHATINKA.

He readily lends his ear to my petitions. And my interceſſion has frequently appeaſed the Emperor's anger; dried up many tears; prevented great miſeries; aſſiſted to promote many deſerving men; and extended happineſs and well being over many diſtreſſed families.

EDWARD.

May Heaven recompence thee for all that, ſiſter!

CHATINKA.

I know no woman ſo amiable, ſo intereſting as the Princeſs, or ſo noble; much of what I have, I received from her goodneſs, and much from the Emperor, through her.

GLUCK.

From the Emperor through her?

CHATINKA.

What I give thee from the Emperor, ſaid ſhe, thou mayeſt alſo receive——the treaſures can never

be placed to better intereſt than in the hands of prudent benevolence——but be cautious never to accept of the moſt inſignificant trifle immediately from the Emperor's hand!——The good Princeſs is my mother! the protection of a mother is powerful; and powerful the remembrance of a prudent child for the wiſe precepts of her father!——If I had been miſerable enough to have been ſtaggering in my virtue——the thought alone that I ſhould one day meet my father, would have been ſufficient to have made me ſteady again——then with a cheerful countenance thou mayeſt look him in the face, thou mayeſt fly into his arms——then mayeſt thou ſay to him, in a voice that proceeds from a pure and untroubled ſoul, as truth from Heaven; that amidſt the pleaſures of a court thy child is innocent——and has preſerved herſelf worthy of her father!

GLUCK.

Oh my Catherina! thou makeſt me the happieſt of fathers! *(To Edward.)* Leave us a few minutes alone!

EDWARD.

Noble and good thou wert formerly, ſiſter!——but now thou art become an angel! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

GLUCK *and* CHATINKA.

GLUCK.

We have now, my daughter, a weighty point to diſcuſs.

CHATINKA.

In matters of importance one cannot too ſoon come to a certainty.

GLUCK.

(*Serious and earneſt.*) Doſt thou remain here, or go with me to Marienburg?

CHATINKA.

Which ever you pleaſe, one is equal to the other with me.

GLUCK.

Equally the ſame? not one in preference to the other? not rather to Marienburg?

CHATINKA.

If my father abſolutely wiſhes it—ſo then will I too.—Thus I would prefer going to Marienburg.

GLUCK.

GLUCK.

But if thy father does not abſolutely wiſh it? if his deſire was not altogether ſo ſtrong? if it was a matter perfectly indifferent to him? if——

CHATINKA.

If my father, if Edward remained here too—— then *this* would be far preferable to Marienburg for me.

GLUCK.

Catherina!

CHATINKA.

Wherefore does my father lay ſo ſtrong a reproof in this tone? formerly 'twas perfectly the ſame thing my father's ordering, or his daughter's obeying. Was it not ſo, my father?

GLUCK.

It was, and thus both father and daughter gained by ſincerity and reciprocal confidence in each other.

CHATINKA.

Thus, we were on a footing to underſtand each other. And if I cannot prevail on my father to remain here, then I depart with him when he pleaſes,

pleaſes, this very day, or tomorrow morning for Marienburg.

GLUCK.

Now I liſten.

CHATINKA.

Regarding myſelf, I will not mention a ſyllable. But my father might enjoy a moſt brilliant old age here.

GLUCK.

Catherina, how could ſuch an idea have got into thy brain?——a brilliant old age?——what calleſt thou a brilliant old age?——to ſuffer myſelf to be fed here by the Emperor 'till my death?——Does that accord with my manner of thinking, with my principles, with my ideas of a ſerene and domeſtic life, of independance of mind? Can any thing in this world, can the poſſeſſion of millions to an old man like me, be of the ſame comfort to me that my faithful, upright people in Marienburg are?

CHATINKA.

Really I ought to have thought on that, but however, our Edward may improve his fortune——

GLUCK.

GLUCK.

If Edward has an inclination to remain, he ſhall not be controuled. He has a good head, and——with it, what men of diſtinguiſhed genius ſo often want——an excellent heart!——The Emperor never rejects men of ability: but he ſhall not beg for his advancement, at leaſt through his ſiſter.

CHATINKA.

No, that he ſhall not!——but the Princeſs, ſhe who has been a friend and mother to me, to leave her——.

GLUCK.

Will certainly afflict thee!——To abandon me, to abandon me in my ſituation——in which I muſt tremble for thy virtue more and more every day:——would not that afflict thee too?

CHATINKA.

As true as God is above, this was never meant!——but the Princeſs will leave no argument untried to retain me, and you with me.

GLUCK.

Was the Princeſs alone in queſtion, there would be no ſuch extraordinary impediments; was the protection

protection with which ſhe promiſed to guard thy virtue, a match for the bold oppreſſion of higher powers, then I would almoſt entreat the good, the benevolent Princeſs——

CHATINKA.

Aye, but then I ſhould equally fear that the Emperor——

GLUCK.

——Now we are entered on the moſt delicate point. Now thy heart has much to ſay to me. Open thy whole heart to thy father; to thy father who knows no recompence ſo dear to him for all his paternal anxiety, as to be thought worthy in his daughter's eyes of her unlimited confidence——

CHATINKA.

Yes, yes, my father!——I will lay open before you, the moſt hidden receſſes of my ſoul.

GLUCK.

What then does thy heart feel for the Emperor?

CHATINKA.

It honours him.

GLUCK.

No farther than that it honours him?

CHATINKA.

Honours him nearly to adoration.

GLUCK.

The Emperor is a handſome man!

CHATINKA.

An exceeding handſome man!

GLUCK.

There's greatneſs, and perfect heroiſm through every particle of his exiſtence: noble, candid, manly ſenſe, united with majeſtic ſerioufneſs, decorates his ſublime countenance——warm ſenſibility and aſpiring enterpriſe ſpeaks from his fiery eyes——manly and expreſſive eloquence flows like enchantment from his lips. I was tranſported——my heart beat high the moment I beheld him!

CHATINKA.

(With warmth.) Did my father feel all that?

GLUCK.

(With a ſcrutinizing look.) And not thou too? Is it not probable that the warm youthful heart of a maiden ſhould feel more ſenſibly than old age and ſtrangers?

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

(Concerned.) My father!——

GLUCK.

The Emperor has granted thee many petitions. Intereſt was far from thee——thou permitteſt thyſelf none but reaſonable petitions, in this I know my daughter. For theſe however thou art under great obligations to the Emperor.

CHATINKA.

Yes, my father——exceeding great!

GLUCK.

When one is ſo much familiarized to a man, whoſe favours one would ſo willingly return with affection, if conſiſtent with honour——when one feels they have many and great obligations to him; to be ever near this man, and ever loaden with additional obligations towards him——what can this be compared to, but ever drawing nearer and nearer into the fire, without wiſhing to be ſinged!

CHATINKA.

How, my father?——I ſhould be frightened at myſelf, if I was got ſo far——

GLUCK.

Put thy hand on thy heart——and look me in the face——ſpeak to me without diſguiſe——ſtrait from the ſoul: then we ſhall be able to ſee how far thou art advanced.——When thou ſeeſt him, when his looks are caſt benignly on thee; when a warm preſſure of the hand makeſt thee forget thy condition——does not thy heart beat quicker?

CHATINKA.

Yes my father, it does!

GLUCK.

Didſt thou never form a ſecret wiſh, that the Emperor with all his great qualities, was a man whoſe origin was more nearly that of thy own, that with boundleſs affection thou mighteſt then fold him in thy arms?

CHATINKA.

How can I tell all that paſſes in my mind?

GLUCK.

Oftimes his image ſtrikes acroſs thy mind. Does it not appear to thee in thy dreams? then thou forgetteſt the lowlineſs of thy extraction——and lifted above the terreſtrial ſphere?——thou reigneſt ——and retireſt happily within thyſelf?

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

Who can be anſwerable for their dreams, my father?

GLUCK.

What is there, that ſo often betrays our heart as dreams?——Doſt thou never caſt a look within thyſelf? art thou never melancholy?——doſt thou never take refuge in thy virtue?——nor in the principles of thy education, when thou wouldeſt triumph over thy wiſhes, and over thy vanities? Doſt thou never ſeek to excuſe thyſelf to thy own better judgement, when thou wouldeſt fain chace away involuntary paſſions that are not ſo eaſily to be got the better of? was it——

CHATINKA.

(In violent emotion.) My God!——how have you learnt to read ſo deeply into my very ſoul, deeper than I have ever ventured to examine it myſelf?

GLUCK.

Is it really ſo?

CHATINKA.

How willingly could I ſay, it is not entirely ſo ——it is ſcarcely more than half as you repreſent! ——and

——and yet can I not; this has ſo drawn out each ſecret feeling of my heart to my view;——ſo inſtantly has it brought me to the knowledge of my interior ſentiments!

GLUCK.

And thou Catherina wert ſo proud of thy virtue? wert bold enough to glorify thyſelf in it, whilſt its very foundation pillars were ſo miſerably ſhattered and undermined?

CHATINKA.

Oh my father——you are an angel ſent down from Heaven to me!

GLUCK.

Art thou ſtill aſſured?

CHATINKA.

I ſtand before you now, covered with ſhame like a poor condemned ſinner!——away, let us away my father! this very day if there is yet time;——oh that we could fly to Marienburg!

GLUCK.

But if the Emperor——

CHATINKA.

That the Emperor dares not do. I know too what humanity enjoins man to do.

GLUCK.

But yet if!——the right of the powerful——

CHATINKA.

Even then there remains to us another means!

CLUCK.

A desperate one perhaps?

CHATINKA.

Flight!

GLUCK.

That is really one means;——but Catherina——

CHATINKA.

My father——

GLUCK.

Will'st thou keep thy word?

CHATINKA.

I swear to it, my father! I swear to the Almighty Eternal Being who is above me! that when I break my

my oath, may every deſcription of miſery, all diſhonour, and every kind of affliction fall on me, that can moſt completely curſe a wretched maid!

GLUCK.

Now I can ſay with a firm aſſurance, and with the moſt fervent thankſgiving towards Heaven, that I have found my loſt child again! (*The Emperor is ſeen ſtepping out of the veſſel; a huzzaing of the ſailors is heard.*)

CHATINKA.

There's the Emperor!——He appears to be coming towards us.

GLUCK,

'Tis really ſo, I ſhall now reclaim my child of him.

CHATINKA.

I ſhall take myſelf from hence, may Heaven ſupport you! —— [*Exit.*

GLUCK.

(*Alone.*) Perhaps this is the moſt important moment of thy life, that thou art now approaching to ——Lord grant me ſtrength! fill my ſoul with vigour! and let me not forget the ſacred dignity of man, before terreſtrial grandeur!

SCENE

SCENE V.

GLUCK, *and the* EMPEROR.

Why thus alone, Paſtor?

GLUCK.

Who can be alone in this little paradiſe?

EMPEROR.

I eſteem you to be a man of much feeling for a man of much experience, and reflexion.

GLUCK.

But it is an exceedingly confined circle of action, that Nature has appointed me to move in——within the limits of which my whole ambition, and every thought is confined——

EMPEROR.

Thus ſhould every man be; then it would go well with the world——was every man willing to act within his own ſphere.

GLUCK.

Every man ſhould be aſſigned his proper ſphere, and none ſhould be permitted to diſplace him from

thence——none ſhould have the power of doing it. The ambition and reſearches of human art always miſtake their end——this alone produces every ſpecies of calamity.

EMPEROR.

But if it were poſſible to remedy this evil!

GLUCK.

This is the great and tremendous problem that for theſe thouſand years paſt has coſt the human underſtanding ſuch infinite fatigue and labour to ſolve.

EMPEROR.

And really there is nothing can go on worſe than governments themſelves as long as this problem remains unſolved. Which thinkeſt thou the beſt principle to work upon here, Mildneſs or Severity?

GLUCK.

Each in its proper place and proper ſeaſon might equally be productive of great advantages; as long as both are the pure reſult of juſtice and wiſdom. To govern without a rigid obſervance of this, may be ſtiled playing an arbitrary game with mankind, however diſcreetly one goes to work, however finely the web of egoiſtical politics may be drawn to upright views.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

If governments took ſuch auſtere rules and exerciſed them on mankind—as thou takeſt with governments; truly Paſtor——however, this is a certain proof that thou haſt never governed!

GLUCK.

I have a little community to govern.

EMPEROR.

(*Smiling.*) Yes, if thou calleſt that governing.

GLUCK.

It ever comes to the ſame point whether it is to govern a great or a ſmall community. The Emperor and the Paſtor both can, and both ought to make their people happy. There is truly a very eſſential difference in the means; and really the multitude and vaſt variety of the Emperor's are ſo prodigious, that one nearly loſes one's ſelf in endleſs——

EMPEROR.

Now we begin to underſtand each other Paſtor! ——yet thy paradox loſes itſelf in paradox. If Princes out of a ſincere deſire of doing good ever acted impartially, and held that as their precept and only principle of action, then were it truly ea-

ſy to govern mankind; no more than an agreeable amuſement, the pleaſures ariſing from itſelf would well repay the fatigues. But the many impediments which occur to him are endleſs, the one that oftenеſt lies in his way is through the aſſiſtants he is under the neceſſity of chuſing to aid his labours: theſe give a good Prince many diſmal hours, and bitter ſleepleſs nights. Oftentimes when my beſt projects have failed of ſucceſs through my own officers, when I ſee the moſt ſalutary laws mutilated, fallen into decay, and miſinterpreted through low abject views, or private intereſt, laws which were deſtined for the good of my people, but from miſconſtruction become prejudicial to them: then I am almoſt mad through vexation, deſpair and diſcouragement!

GLUCK.

Oh my Sovereign, what a heart, what greatneſs of ſoul!——how frequently are the beſt Princes the moſt unfortunate ones through the choice of their ſervants!——The nature of their governments, the caprices of the people demand the moſt prudent and moſt active men in the ſervice of the ſtate. The ſpirit of corruption oppreſſes and is the greateſt drawback, for by the uſual arrangement of things men preſent themſelves for the moſt ſacred honours

of the ſtate by ſuborning, buying, by ſurprize, deceit and ſolicitation, the bare poſſibility of which is ſufficient to ſtir up a vigilant man to revolt. That the ſetting aſide, humiliating, and oppreſſing men of integrity ſhould become a proverb, muſt make humanity ſhudder!——and amidſt the pitiable deſire after diſtinction and rank which now prevails, the moſt ſolid title of renown, that of being an *upright citizen* is neglected, and nearly forgotten——

EMPEROR.

How exceeding true! how entirely after my own heart thou haſt ſpoken!——yet my dear Paſtor I have more againſt me than thou believeſt. My people too are really not the beſt people under the ſun. They miſtake me, they miſinterpret all the good I would do them; they curſe my laws, they cabal together, and riſe up againſt me!

GLUCK.

No, my gracious Emperor, your people rebel not——your people are good, they know you, they love you, and adore you!——neither muſt you call thoſe your people who in fact are not ſo. The aſſiduous labourer, the active tradeſman, the upright citizen, theſe are your people:——not your Kneſes, your Boyars, your Vayvods, your Patriarchs, and your high Prieſts——

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

I could almoſt think thou wert in the right, Paſtor; I could almoſt ſeek comfort and peace in this reproof——thou art a man after my own heart, we muſt have long and frequent converſations with each other.——I find much pleaſure in thy philoſophy, becauſe thou doſt not appear to have learnt it merely in the ſchool or from books——but becauſe it comes warm, and immediately from the heart of the rational man.——As I have already ſaid, we muſt converſe together frequently.

GLUCK.

Great as this honour is, and greatly as I feel the worth of this unmerited mark of diſtinction, I feel myſelf under the indiſpenſible neceſſity of begging your Majeſty's permiſſion of returning to-morrow morning to my deſtination with my daughter; ſhe will yet have the honour of thanking your Majeſty this day——

EMPEROR.

(Suddenly changed, now and afterwards violent.) What ſayeſt thou?——with thy daughter?——with Chatinka?——

GLUCK.

Yes!

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Art thou out of thy ſenſes?

GLUCK.

Some affairs of importance have fixed me in this reſolution; my daughter herſelf wiſhes for nothing ſo ardently, as——

EMPEROR.

I firmly believe thou haſt permitted thyſelf things, which——

GLUCK.

Not more than a father ought, not even ſo much as he ſhould. I have done no more than counſelled her, and recommended to her——but not once ordered.

EMPEROR.

Chatinka remains here!

GLUCK.

My gracious Emperor.

EMPEROR.

If it pleaſes thee to remain here too, it will be very agreeable to me.

GLUCK.

I have found what I have ſo long a time been in ſearch of, I cannot be in too great haſte to return; 'tis already more than five months that I have been abſent——

EMPEROR.

That's a very long time.

GLUCK.

My people expect me with impatience.

EMPEROR.

I readily believe it, neither is it altogether ſo praiſe-worthy a thing, Paſtor, to have left ſo reſpectable a flock for ſo long a time——thy daughter would not have been loſt to thee.

GLUCK.

This reproach would ſuit a hireling, better than the friend and father of his flock. How could I have merited the title of their father, if I had been capable of forgetting I was ſuch to my own child?

EMPEROR.

Yes, that apologizes, that juſtifies all——and on theſe grounds I will put leſs oppoſition to thy departure

departure, thou ſhalt be conducted home by the poſt, but once for all——Chatinka remains here!

GLUCK.

(With dignity and feeling.) My child is my own! who excepting myſelf has a right over my child?

EMPEROR.

The Emperor!

GLUCK.

She is the daughter of a free citizen.

EMPEROR.

But ſhe is the Emperor's priſoner!

GLUCK.

In the mouth of a wily miniſter this ſubterfuge would not have ſounded ill: but from the mouth of otherwiſe ſo noble, ſo upright an Emperor——

EMPEROR.

Paſtor!

GLUCK.

The arms of the renowned, and highly favoured of Heaven, PETER THE GREAT——have never

yet gone forth to conquer helpleſs maidens, and to ſnatch pious daughters from the arms of a mortified father!

EMPEROR.

By my ſoul, Paſtor——

GLUCK.

Ought I then rather to flatter your Majeſty?—— He who flatters Princes when they act unjuſtifiably, is guilty of a greater crime towards them than he who robs the treaſury.

EMPEROR.

(Aſide.) I ſee well there's nothing to be done with this old hot-head——'tis better to break off. ——You pronounce moſt beautiful ſentences Paſtor——but however take it not ill of me that I have buſineſs to tranſact at preſent!

GLUCK.

Thus then the Emperor diſmiſſes his moſt afflicted ſubject?

EMPEROR.

(Haſtily.) It ſhall go well with thee, upon my word, either here or in Marienburg, whichever beſt ſuits thee!

GLUCK.

GLUCK.

May a curſe fall on every father who eſteems it an honour to be penſioned by his Sovereign as the price of his daughter's honour! I am ambitious of no favour, I deſire no favour! but I ſue for juſtice!

EMPEROR.

Preſent to me in writing what thou haſt yet to advance: It ſhall be granted thee——all! every thing——but Chatinka remains here!——I wiſh you a good journey, Paſtor. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

GLUCK, *and* CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

(Coming in from the other ſide.) That was right, my father! I expected it, I wiſhed it.

GLUCK.

Haſt thou heard then, my child?

CHATINKA.

The laſt words; theſe were equal to the whole. Away, let us away quickly my father!——I would

not ſtay here on any conditions in the world. Oh you know not yet all, I have been ſpeaking with the princeſs but this very moment, ſhe mentioned the Emperor's——certain views——an approaching danger——ſhe warned me ſecretly and with maternal anxiety——urged it obſcurely, but yet ſo earneſtly——if I have rightly underſtood her——oh certainly I underſtood her well!——let us be quick away, my father!

GLUCK.

But how?

CHATINKA.

Any way——but let us be gone! how often has a midnight flight been the only reſource for perſecuted innocence?

GLUCK.

Flight——yes, yes, my child, let us fly! but where ſhall we find the means?

CHATINKA.

Do you not ſee there a Dutch ſhip? it is deſtined to ſail for Kronſtadt early tomorrow morning—— at midnight when all is aſleep, we will go, and prevail on the ſailors to become the blind inſtruments of our project; they ſhall put us aſhore on

that

that wooded coaſt——but this is a care I ſhall take upon myſelf.

GLUCK.

(Trembling with joy.) Yes, yes, that will do, ——that will ſucceed!

CHATINKA.

You are trembling, my father?

GLUCK.

Not for myſelf!——it would be the firſt time in my life!

CHATINKA.

Let us go! the Almighty Providence is ever on the ſide of thoſe, who throw themſelves with a courageous aſſurance into her arms! [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

The Emperor's closet; it is morning. On the Table lies a variety of Writings, under the Window, towards the Sea is a large Telescope on a Pedestal.

SCENE I.

The EMPEROR, *and* MENZIKOF.

(*The Emperor in great agitation walking backwards and forwards, Menzikof looking towards the Sea through the Telescope.*)

EMPEROR.

Aside.) The tempest has subsided! the enraged sea has not buried the ungrateful creature beneath her waves!——was that thy wish?——whether cruel enough or not, it would perhaps have cost thee a tear——and the scene with that would have been closed for ever.

MENZIKOF.

(*Continues looking through the telescope.*) The danger is past, they can now come with safety to the shore.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Aſide, without having heard Menzikof.)——And ſhe? was ſhe leſs cruel towards thee?

MENZIKOF.

(Again looking through the glaſs.) Had they not caſt their anchors, the tempeſt would have wrecked them on the rocky ſhore.

EMPEROR.

(Aſide.) Senſeleſs man! ſhall there then be no more repoſe for thee as long as ſhe exiſts in the creation?——Oh fie——this lamentation is deſpicable in a man!

MENZIKOF.

Our boat labours courageouſly there, thoſe fellows ſeem in a condition to hold the very winds in obedience.——Bravo——bravo! now to!——my gracious Lord!——my gracious Lord!——

EMPEROR.

Well?

MENZIKOF.

The Dutchman haſtens behind the hill——the boat is not viſible——ſhe goes ſo rapidly, that ſhe appears

appears to be ſwallowed up by the agitated waves, and then in an inſtant ſhe is ſeen combating againſt others.——My gracious lord!——my gracious lord!

EMPEROR.

Well?——

MENZIKOF.

I ſay that they will be immediately overtaken.

EMPEROR.

For my part——I wiſh to be alone!

MENZIKOF.

When they arrive, ſhall they be brought immediately here?

EMPEROR.

Yes, or rather no:——as thou thinkeſt beſt——Leave me now. [*Exit Menzikof.*

SCENE II.

The EMPEROR *alone.*

She will come then? Thou wilt ſee her again too!——and what of that? As if thou didſt not already

already know, as if thou ſaweſt and heardeſt not already how her reproaches will refound in thy ears!——And then the father—will he conſtrain himſelf? will he not perſecute me? will he not ſcream into my ears the offended rights of man—and the devil knows what beſides?——There ſhall I ſtand ſtupified and aſhamed, to liſten to the philoſophical lecture the old murmuring hot-head will hold forth to his Emperor.——Oh 'twas ſtupid and weak in me to ſuffer them to be purſued! upon the curſed precipitation of my thouſand moſt humble obedient ſlaves!——Is that ever the method of making a work of importance ſucceed?—There they creep, and ſlide, and fawn, and ſneak till the irreſolute ſouls can hardly breathe—till they have prepared all hands for the work—then do they catch but half a wink to commit an act of folly in any quarter, there they fly—clap their hands, preſs and crowd till they are ſuffocated that the folly may be ſoon complete—and not executed one moment too late. Oh this was the extreme of folly! Better had it been, never to have ſeen Chatinka again, than to ſee her thus.—Better that I ſhould never again delight mine ear in liſtening to the enchanting tones of her voice!—that I ſhould never again experience the joy of beholding her animated countenance—that my mind ſhould never again become intoxicated with bliſs from the con-

templation of the friendly, tranquil, bewitching harmony of her charms! Ungrateful creature—— wherefore didſt thou fly from me? Was thy virtue then abſolutely in ſo great a danger? Were there no means left? Had I not brought myſelf ſo far already as to have got over much deeper-rooted prejudices?——Oh thou knoweſt not Chatinka—— thou haſt never ventured even to dream of what thy Emperor was capable of doing for thy ſake! ——*(Goes to the window.)* Is not that Chatinka's brother there in the walk below!——it really is! ——for what reaſon could he have remained behind?——what can he be doing here? *(Calls to an officer in waiting.)* Bring me the young man you ſee there wandering along the alley! *(The officer goes, the Emperor looks through the teleſcope.)* What do I ſee?——is it really true?——the boat is already viſible——they muſt have had a favourable wind, for the ſails are ſpread——ſhe haſtens back ——*(Goes from the window.)* Ha! what's this that beats and throbs with ſuch violence and apprehenſion!

SCENE

SCENE III.

The EMPEROR *and* EDWARD.

EMPEROR.

What art thou doing here?

EDWARD.

That is what I might well enquire of myſelf, and have to ſtudy long ere I could find an anſwer.

EMPEROR.

Thou ſeemeſt to be out of humour.

EDWARD.

I could weep, I could do myſelf any kind of miſchief, I could curſe myſelf!

EMPEROR.

Wherefore that?

EDWARD.

Becauſe I ſuffered myſelf to be entreated by her, becauſe I let her go without me.

EMPEROR.

Who entreated thee to remain?

EDWARD.

My ſiſter.

EMPEROR.

Thou didſt right then, where didſt thou take leave of her?

EDWARD.

I accompanied her to the ſhip's ſide. Pale, trembling, her eyes full of tears; ſhe caſt herſelf on the ſhore, kiſſed the ground, called on the name of the Emperor, and the Princeſs, then burſt out into a moſt violent fit of ſobbing, and departed; it was then midnight.

EMPEROR.

Go on Edward, go on!

EDWARD.

I felt as if it was but the half of myſelf remaining, as if my better half was become the ſport of the faithleſs waves. I haſtened to the neighbouring hill that I might be able to accompany them with my looks.——The moon darted rapidly acroſs the ſcattered clouds——the Heavens grew diſmal and obſcure; there aroſe a terrible wind, that howled through the atmoſphere, and roared along the ſurface of the waters; the waves aroſe high as mountains,

tains, and broke with a fearful noiſe in upon the rocky ſhore. A horrid darkneſs that exceeded midnight itſelf hung over the ſeas. What was moſt dear to me in the whole creation, was now become the victims of the raging tempeſt. I threw myſelf on the earth, and recommended my father and ſiſter to the protection of the all-wiſe Providence; prayed to Heaven with a degree of fervour that I never felt before——nor ſhall ever be capable of feeling again!

EMPEROR.

Be comforted——Providence has preſerved her to us!

EDWARD.

(*With tranſport.*) ——Preſerved? delivered? is that really ſo? God be praiſed!

EMPEROR.

Thou didſt prudently in following thy ſiſter's advice; it now depends on thyſelf whether thy fortune ſhall bloom fairer here than it could have done in Marienburg.

EDWARD.

My gracious Sovereign!

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Thy performance on the guitar pleaſes me; wilt thou remain with me, then——

EDWARD.

Not as your muſician however, my gracious Lord.

EMPEROR.

Well, yes.

EDWARD.

I will have the honour of playing before my gracious Sovereign as often as he pleaſes; but your muſician—

EMPEROR.

Well!

EDWARD.

To be your muſician——I muſt ſpeak it out boldly——that I never will be named your muſician!

EMPEROR.

And why not?

EDWARD.

He who is no more than a muſician, and who ſeeks to be nothing farther in the courſe of his life than

than to be a muſician, does not appear to me to be a *machine* of greater ſignificance, than the inſtrument on which he plays.

EMPEROR.

What then haſt thou learnt beſides?

EDWARD.

What is commonly learnt in ſchools; and occaſionally ſomewhat more than one is uſually accuſtomed to acquire in ſchools.

EMPEROR.

And what may thy projects be?

EDWARD.

The ſtudy of ſcience——the fame of thoſe diſtinguiſhed men your Majeſty invited out of Germany and other nations, reſounded even to the diſtance of our country. My heart throbbed every time I heard theſe men ſpoken of. For whole nights together, I have not cloſed my eyes from the deſire I felt to emulate their fame. To be claſſed amongſt theſe men——to make their ſcience my own, has long been the moſt ardent deſire of my ſoul.——I have need but of little, my gracious lord! grant me but ever ſo little ſupport and protection, and

let

let me ſtudy for a few years in your great Univerſity of Peterſburg.

EMPEROR.

This petition ſhall be granted!——and what farther?

EDWARD.

Then I will pray my Emperor, that if after this trial, I am not found to be active and capable, and to have profited fully by my ſtudies——if in a ſhort time I am not a man whoſe integrity may be depended on, as well as his knowledge in important buſineſs, and one who devotes his whole ſoul undivided to the ſervice of the Emperor, then I moſt humbly pray, my gracious lord, to diſhonour me ——and to make me either your valet de chambre or your ſcullion——!

EMPEROR.

A noble pride that well accords with great talents. (*Takes him by the hand.*) Edward! I will be thy father!

EMPEROR.

(*Kiſſing his hand with warmth.*) My gracious lord! my father! my Emperor!

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Now leave me!

EDWARD.

(*In going.*) Prudent and wiſe was thy counſel, dear ſiſter!

SCENE IV.

EMPEROR *alone.*

One heart loſt, another gained——truly I come but poorly off by the change. But on that account this pledge left with me ſhall be dearer and more valuable to me. (*He looks at his watch.*) Only ſeven o'clock, I believed the ſun was already ſetting, ſo ſlow and heavily the hours drag on——when Chatinka was here, the hours flew rapidly away! (*Sits down to the table.*) What a vaſt pile of papers are collected here ſince yeſterday.——I'll go to buſineſs; perhaps I may amuſe myſelf into better humour by it. Were Chatinka ſtill here——all buſineſs would then go on with alacrity. (*He looks through the papers, ſigns ſome, ſtrokes through others, then ſuddenly ſtarting.*) Biſhop——Biſhop of Novogorod will'ſt thou be?——is the fellow a fool? the dull common place head, without ſpirit or ſoul

in him? More's the pity, I have already but too many ſuch Biſhops! (*Writes.*) This ſhall be rejected, and for ſuch another abſurd, impertinent requeſt he ſhall be confined in a mad-houſe for a whole year. (*Examining another petition.*) For remuneration? (*Quick.*) and for what?——for thirty years of poverty and diſtreſs, and a very numerous family brought up to the ſervice of the ſtate on a very narrow income. My God! as if it was in my power to grant rewards to every honeſt man individually. (*Whilſt he takes up his pen.*) This muſt be croſſed through. (*Stopping.*) 'Tis really no falſhood this man is advancing, I recollect him now, 'tis he for whom Catherina entreated for unaſked. (*Quickly determining.*) He ſhall be thanked for his ſervices in the moſt obliging terms, and his income be augmented a hundred rubles.——Is it not right thus, Chatinka? (*Looks through the papers, then lays them aſide.*) What a quantity of waſte paper——what a ſtore of wretched fatiguing matter! ——all inclination for buſineſs is vaniſhed——I ſhall be better by ſeeing people! (*Calls.*) Are there any perſons in the anti-chamber?

SERVANT.

Merchants from Peterſburg.

EMPEROR.

Bring them in.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The EMPEROR, *four* MERCHANTS.

EMPEROR.

Ha! is it you? I am come to the knowledge of all your upright ſchemes!——ye are fine Merchants! ye are monopolizers.——But do not commit a farther injury to the induſtrious and reſpectable body of Merchants by ſtiling yourſelves ſuch! ——for ye are uſurers!

ONE OF THE MERCHANTS.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty!

EMPEROR.

Be ſilent——I know you all! and am reſolved to extirpate uſury for ever, even if I ſhould require every gallows in my dominions to aſſiſt me in the work——you have riches, wherefore do you not rather make an honourable ſpeculation with it, eſtabliſh manufactories, exchange the produce of your own country for that of a foreign one, and enable by this means the induſtrious artizan to gain his morſel of bread?——If you acted thus I ſhould eſteem you, and become your friend——and would give you all poſſible encouragement.——But on

the contrary, if ever you are diſcovered again in another ſuch a villainous practice, your names ſhall be expoſed.——Mark well what I ſay——I will have it publiſhed that ye are Jews in diſguiſe.

MERCHANTS.

But may it pleaſe your Majeſty——

EMPEROR.

I ſhall keep my word as ſure as that I am the Emperor, and I ſhall look to it myſelf how you conduct yourſelves amongſt your countrymen henceforwards. Now go about your buſineſs! *(The Merchants retire with a variety of grimaces, produced through fear and diſappointment.)* This has ſerved to ſtir up my blood a little, now I ſhall be better. I believe I am in accord to ſee her.——Now ſhe may come!——

SCENE VI.

The EMPEROR *and* MENZIKOF.

MENZIKOF.

(In the door, ſpeaking to an officer in waiting.) Abſolutely no perſon——at leaſt this morning! the people

people muſt have patience! when ſhe comes ſhe muſt be introduced in here inſtantly——but alone, doſt thou comprehend me?——(*Approaches the Emperor.*) My gracious Lord!

EMPEROR.

What is it?

MENZIKOF.

She's come!

EMPEROR.

(*With joy.*) Chatinka——(*Aſide.*) I really believe that I am ſenſeleſs enough to rejoice at it!

MENZIKOF.

A favourable wind ſwelled the ſails, and drove the boat in towards the ſhore as if it had had wings.

EMPEROR.

I will not ſee her——at leaſt not at preſent!

MENZIKOF.

I have then been guilty of a little indiſcretion, my gracious lord——

EMPEROR.

How?

MENZIKOF.

MENZIKOF.

In giving orders for her being immediately brought here!

EMPEROR.

What of thy own authority! father and daughter?

MENZIKOF.

The daughter alone——there she comes——*(In going.)* Now you may reconcile it between yourselves!

SCENE VII.

The EMPEROR *and* CHATINKA.

EMPEROR.

(Turns aside, then after a considerable pause.) Art thou again here, Chatinka?

CHATINKA.

(Keeping herself at a distance, cool and resolute.) Do you ask, my gracious lord? is it not then in consequence of your own commands?

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

And what if it was not in conſequence of my commands?

CHATINKA.

Is not then what is executed by your ſervants executed by your commands? Oh 'tis a happy privilege, when one does things one would not appear to be capable of in the eyes of the world—to be ever ſecure of complaiſant perſons who will lend their names to ſuch acts.

EMPEROR.

Who permitted thee to addreſs me in this tone?

CHATINKA.

Who permitted the Emperor to make free men the ſlaves of his humour?

EMPEROR.

I could have received thee otherwiſe—nay, ought to have received thee otherwiſe!——Thou art guilty of meeting my goodneſs with injuries.

CHATINKA.

I, guilty?——The paſſions of princes, is it not thus that may be ſtiled the laws I have trampled on?

on?——A ſacred law that no one ſhall dare venture ſo lightly to o'erſtep unpuniſhed and unrevenged!

EMPEROR.

Chatinka!

CHATINKA.

You are angry?—Oh Emperor! could you now but regard me——could you but read my ſoul, and ſee there how little impreſſion your anger can make on me——or how little power it has to ſhake my reſolution!

EMPEROR.

Aſide.) If I could but think, however——if I could find the means of aſſuring myſelf!

CHATINKA.

In this otherwiſe ſo fearful and tremendous hour of your diſpleaſure, I venture boldly to liſten to your deciſion over my fate; and to enquire ſeriouſly of you, wherefore I am here? and what I am to be done with?——what is to be my——what my father's deſtiny?

EMPEROR.

(*Approaching her, and condeſcendingly ſpeaking.*) Here thou ſhalt ſtay, Chatinka, with thy Emperor who

who loves thee; and to whom thou art the deareſt creature on the face of the earth; and who has been endeavouring this whole morning in vain, to bear the thought of being without thee, of living ſeparate from thee!

CHATINKA.

(Aſide.) Oh my God, grant me courage to ſupport this!

EMPEROR.

Turn not thy regards from me, Chatinka!—— Return not the overflowings of my heart with the cold deriſion of poignant ſophiſtry!—Have I then committed ſo great an offence towards thee as to be forſaken ſo ſuddenly by thee——that thou ſhouldeſt fly from me as one who ſeeks to fly from ſome deſtructive monſter?

CHATINKA.

Oh my gracious Lord! how much I feel myſelf oppreſſed and bent down by your goodneſs and condeſcenſion——but conſider what impenetrable barriers there ariſes between our ſituations.——My condition, my duty, my conſcience, the principles of my education, are all incompatible with your proſpects, and muſt ever remain ſo!

EMPEROR.

With my proſpects!——are they then really ſo reprehenſible?

CHATINKA.

Yes!

EMPEROR.

That I ſhould find thee amiable, that my heart ſhould be ſuſceptible of the pleaſure of hours of candid and gentle confidence——does crime conſiſt in that?

CHATINKA.

Not ſimply in that!

EMPEROR.

Oh Chatinka!——when thy pure, lovely, undiſguiſed ſoul ſeemed ſo temporizing with mine, then my heart beat high with exalted ideas; all the faculties of my ſoul ſeemed extended; 'twas then I felt how much power lay within me for every great and good action——then the ſphere of my abilities expanded itſelf beyond all conception; then my whole ſpirit became inflamed for reſolution, and fame.

CHATINKA.

Oh my gracious Sovereign!

EMPEROR.

And when it pleaſed thee to give me thy approbation, that animated, cheered, and recompenſed me; when thou calledſt me a great man, an example for great men——oh then Chatinka, I was bleſt beyond all deſcription!

CHATINKA.

A great man will I ever call my Emperor; and a model for great men will my Emperor remain till the moſt diſtant ages!——A very great man:——oh this glorious word contains every thing that is truly ſublime within itſelf——every good man may put his whole reliance in the great man! This affords me conſolation, this is full aſſurance to me that my Emperor will act nobly towards me alſo.

EMPEROR.

Would then the great man ſuffer himſelf to be penetrated by this ſuſpicious flattery——if from a conſcioufneſs of all his weakneſſes, he ſtands in need of a prudent and tender friend, who can aid him with her counſel when he is in doubt; can warn him when his foot ſlips; can raiſe him when he is fallen, and who can gently and affectionately lead him back to humanity, when anger and me-

lancholy has caſt him into the abyſs of wildneſs and deſpair; who with open arms and bliſsful ſmiles, will receive him when fatigued and bent down with the cares and weight of buſineſs, and would ſeek repoſe and animation on her gentle boſom; and when this man believed that he had found this affectionate friend in thee, couldeſt thou be cruel and ungenerous enough to deny him thy participation?

CHATINKA.

Wherefore this diſcourſe my gracious Lord? why would you wound my heart ſo deeply that I ſhall never be able to heal it again?

EMPEROR.

Chatinka!

CHATINKA.

Still are the ſentiments of virtue ſufficiently powerful within me to reſiſt, notwithſtanding my Emperor ſees me in tears from the extreme agony of my mind!

EMPEROR.

Thou will'ſt go?

CHATINKA.

I muſt!

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Will'ſt thou abandon me?

CHATINKA.

I muſt!

EMPEROR.

Forget thy Emperor?

CHATINKA.

That I never will!

EMPEROR.

And yet, thou will'ſt go?

CHATINKA.

Yes!

EMPEROR.

And will'ſt thou not be prevailed on by any thing to ſtay?

CHATINKA.

(With courage.) By nothing!

EMPEROR.

And thou declareſt that in ſo cold and compoſed a tone?

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

The voice of reſolution is ever cold and compoſed.

EMPEROR.

(Angrily.) No, this is no longer the effects of virtue! this is obſtinacy—ſavage arrogance!—Folly, believeſt thou that thou art really able to eſcape me? or that thou wilt be more ſecure elſewhere?—Am I leſs the Sovereign of Marienburg, than of the ſolitary Peterhof? Is my arm then not great and powerful enough to embrace the moſt diſtant bounds of my dominions?

CHATINKA.

And if your arm was mighty enough to embrace the circumference of the whole world, it might yet remain weak and enervated when it would *command* the heart of a woman of courage!

EMPEROR.

Ha! then will I have the moſt reſolute combat with my dreaming virtue that ever paſſion had with female caprice.

CHATINKA.

Then ſhould I have ſufficient command over myſelf to meet your oppreſſion with horror and contempt.

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

Then would my love be turned to hatred! thus would hatred combat with hatred, thus would my vengeance be enflamed againſt thee, ungrateful creature! who could reduce thy Emperor to petition thee, who had humiliated him ſo low as to ſhed diſgraceful tears!——From henceforth thou art condemned to be a priſoner in my court!

CHATINKA.

Well, ſo be it, thus then, will this be a place of greater horror and torment to me, than the perſecutions of the moſt baneful dungeon could prove! thus then is all the joy and cheerfulneſs of my life paſſed away for ever; thus then with every riſing ſun I will not forget to curſe the tyrannical chains I bear about me here! ſo ſhall I have in abhorrence every thing that ſurrounds me——and every perſon that ſmiles at your command! thus ſhall I wander about an orphan and friendleſs creature, pale and wan, full of affliction and melancholy, like the midnight ghoſt in the vaſt halls of your barbarous court!

EMPEROR.

(*After a pauſe.*) Forgive me, Chatinka!——thou canſt not love me: thus it is better we ſhould never ſee each other again——depart in peace!

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

(In violent emotion, kiſſes the Emperor's hand.)
Noble, generous Emperor!

EMPEROR.

(Wiping a tear from his eyes and preſſing her hand.)
May God guide thee on thy way!

[They go out at ſeparate doors.

SCENE VIII.

A Sallon.

GLUCK *alone.*

Shall I be ordered to remain too? what can all this tend to——I ſee well that I muſt underſtand how to wait in patient expectation!——What can poſſibly be the deſign of bringing us back?——be it whatever it may——the voluptuary will ſoon be weary of us!——However dark, extraordinary, and uncertain my preſent poſition is, it ſhall not rob me of my compoſure any longer.——It ill becomes the man of courage to tremble before the torments of any tyrant! be he as tyrannical as he will!——aye, the more tyrannical the better.——If it tends to forcibly ſeducing the virtue of a maid, he will prove the greateſt tyrant to his own peace of mind!

SCENE

SCENE IX.

GLUCK *and* CHATINKA.

SERVANT.

(*Opening the door.*) You will find him here!

GLUCK,

Do we ſo ſoon behold each other again!

CHATINKA.

It is decided, my father!

GLUCK.

Decided, what is decided?

CHATINKA.

I am at liberty!

GLUCK.

At liberty?

CHATINKA.

At liberty, through the moſt ſolemn word of the Emperor.

GLUCK.

This is what I ſcarcely dared to hope!

CHATINKA.

But ah——his heart bled!——Muſt an adverſe fate have condemned me, wretch that I am, thus to rend the heart of the beſt and moſt generous of Princes with anguiſh!——He diſcloſed to me the whole ſtate of his mind, made me repreſentations and entreated me, heſitated, balanced, combated ——my trial too was terrible!——oh if you had been a witneſs, my father!

GLUCK.

So much the more glorious was the triumph of virtue.

CHATINKA.

It was a ſcene full of pain, bitterneſs, and anguiſh.

GLUCK.

Thank Heaven that it has terminated ſo honourably, and may ſuch another never occur to thee. Is there no farther impediment to our departure?

CHATINKA.

None, my father.

GLUCK.

Then we have no farther occaſion to ſtay!

CHATINKA.

No longer, than one moment to pour forth my cordial gratitude to the Princeſs——one ſhort farewel——

GLUCK.

It is but right that!

CHATINKA.

And then, my father, we go ſtrait for Marienburg!

SCENE X.

CHATINKA, GLUCK, *and* MENZIKOF.

MENZIKOF.

Ah——there's our beautiful fugitive!

CHATINKA.

(Reſerved and with a low curtſey.) My Lord Field Marſhal!

MENZIKOF.

Was that well done, Chatinka, to eſcape from us ſo all at once? to become a deſerter without any cauſe whatever?

CHATINKA.

Do not miſtake me thus far, my Lord Field Marſhal!

MENZIKOF.

We loved thee, we had ſo tender an affection for thee, regarded thee as one of ourſelves, as a neceſſary, and indiſpenſible link of this our little domeſtic chain——Indeed you have not acted diſcreetly, old gentleman!

GLUCK.

That may poſſibly be, my Lord Field Marſhal! but one does not diſpenſe with diſcretion ſo eaſily, when one knows how to uſe it according to the dictates of conſcience, and duty.

CHATINKA.

Where is the Princeſs, my benefactreſs, my mother?

MENZIKOF.

She is with the Emperor, holding a counſel which probably regards our dear Chatinka. (*Taking her by the hand.*) Why ſo melancholy dear girl! it would be really a pity, that a capricious reverie ſhould be the occaſion of our loſing thee. But enough of that, we have thee back again; whether it be to thyſelf or accident that we owe thy return.

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

To accident, my Lord Field Marſhal?

MENZIKOF.

To what elſe could it be? Who, in the dreadful tempeſt of this morning, which awoke every perſon out of their ſleep——would not have fought after the ſafety of each other; when if one had not gone to thy apartment amongſt the reſt, and miſſed thee from thence, and with that and the premature ſeaſon of the Dutch veſſels ſailing, been brought to examine into thy flight; we ſhould more than probably have not miſſed thee by this time.

CHATINKA.

Yes, that was really not to be foreſeen.

OFFICER IN WAITING.

(Who enters.) My Lord Field Marſhal, the Emperor expects you! [*Exit.*

MENZIKOF.

Chatinka, I read an important prognoſtic in the darkneſs of fate. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

GLUCK, CHATINKA *and* EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Ha, my father, my ſiſter!

CHATINKA.

Edward, thou didſt not gueſs thou ſhouldeſt have ſeen us ſo ſoon again?

EDWARD.

Still leſs to have ſeen you ſo ſoon, and be obliged to part with you again; the Emperor has commanded me to prepare poſt horſes for you.

GLUCK.

Then delay not to execute the Emperor's commiſſion with all the diſpatch poſſible.

EDWARD.

I have already done it, he gave me the commiſſion in ſo preſſing a manner, that I thought it neceſſary to prepare the horſes, even before I came to welcome you back; you will have German poſtillions, they ſay theſe fellows drive on at a pleaſant rate, and blow their horn moſt admirably well; the Emperor conducts thee to thy carriage.

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

(*Apprehenſive.*) Oh my God! 'tis not yet terminated!

GLUCK.

And thou really ſtayeſt behind, Edward!

EDWARD.

Yes, father, I am already become one of the Emperor's people. He ſends me to the great Univerſity of Peterſburg, where I ſhall ſtudy the ſciences for a few years——after which you ſhall have joy in your ſon!——

GLUCK.

Thus, my ſon, we ſhall be ever near each other, tho' at a diſtance——the bleſſing of thy father accompanies thee.——(*Whilſt he is giving his bleſſing, the Emperor, &c. enters.*)

SCENE XII.

GLUCK, CHATINKA, EDWARD, *the* EMPEROR, NATALIA, *and* MENZIKOF.

EMPEROR.

(*Still within the door, ſpeaking to Menzikof and Natalia.*) It reſts wholly on that! Whether it be one or the other, it ſhall equally aſſure me of my repoſe again.

NATALIA.

NATALIA.

We'll hope for this laſt, my gracious Lord.—(*Aſide.*) My God!—what a ſcene is opening upon us!

CHATINKA.

(*Meeting Natalia.*) Oh be not angry with me, moſt gracious Princeſs!

NATALIA.

No, Chatinka, though I think I rather ought to be——on account of thy ſtrong box's being left behind?

CHATINKA.

In Marienburgh, in my father's houſe amidſt domeſtic plenty——I have no occaſion for a ſtrong box.

NATALIA.

In this point of view, 'tis out of pride then?——

CHATINKA.

I do not vindicate myſelf, I take refuge in your own principles. Theſe are a ſufficient pledge for me, that in my ſituation you would have acted as I have done.

EMPEROR.

Chatinka might at leaſt regard me as her debtor.

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

What anſwer, my gracious lord, ought I to return for this piece of raillery?

EMPEROR.

Canſt thou not remember our happy days, Chatinka! did there not then paſs much good through thy hands? Ceaſe not then out of obſtinacy to be ſtill the means of doing good! (*Preſenting her with a paper.*) Reject not this trifling preſent with diſdain!

CHATINKA.

Suffer me to depart without humiliation, my ever gracious lord!

EMPEROR.

Without humiliation? no!——the moſt benevolent heart under the ſun cannot poſſibly be humiliated by the power of relieving miſery!

CHATINKA.

No, my Sovereign! poor and innocent I entered your court:——will not the world readily believe ——nay, muſt they not believe——that I leave it leſs innocently than what I was——if I could not return as poor as I came?

EMPEROR.

(Somewhat out of humour.) Well, be it ſo.

CHATINKA.

My being at your court was evident, and in the higheſt degree extraordinary. We know not what unfavourable conſtructions it may produce for me? ——oh then how thricely welcome and precious is the thought of poverty to me; how much richer does it make me than the poſſeſſion of your immenſe treaſures could make me!——ſince before good as well as wicked men——it bears witneſs of my innocence.

EMPEROR.

Impoſſible! thus I cannot leave thee. Some little aſſiſtance at leaſt!

CHATINKA.

No, my gracious Lord!

EMPEROR.

I entreat——I conjure thee to it!

CHATINKA.

Ah, my God!

EMPEROR.

What ever thou chuſeſt, ſhall be granted thee without conditions or limits.

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

Well then, my Sovereign!——are you acquainted with the hiſtory of Gelo, King of Sicily?

EMPEROR.

I ſcarcely remember it.

CHATINKA.

He beſieged the Carthaginians.——They ſued for peace——one word——and all the immenſe riches of Carthage would have flowed into Gelo's treaſury;——or with one ſtroke of the ſword, all the grandeur of Carthage would have been annihilated for ever! but neither was Gelo's object—— "Offer up your men and children no more as ſacrifices to your gods," were Gelo's conditions. They ſtipulated for this:——and Gelo aided the rights of mankind in making peace.

EMPEROR.

God——how ſublime, how godlike!

CHATINKA.

Not that I would preſume to make any compariſon with Gelo's greatneſs, but would emulate it as far as my condition would.

EMPEROR.

Great ſouls are ever alike, however diſtant their conditions.

CHATINKA.

Then will my ſovereign permit me to offer one petition——that I in this inſtant preſume greatly on.

EMPEROR.

All, all, Chatinka.

CHATINKA.

Then I will truly require much of him!——and the Emperor will aſſure me of its being granted by a ſqueeze of the hand——

EMPEROR.

Chatinka!

CHATINKA.

——Never to ſacrifice the repoſe or happineſs of any creature again to his paſſions!

EMPEROR.

(*Paſſionately.*) Chatinka!——how?——thy happineſs——the repoſe of thy ſoul——is it then become the victim of my paſſions?——thou ſigheſt?——thou turneſt from me?——a tear ſtarting in thine eye?——an agitated ſoul ſpeaking through thy countenance?——oh Chatinka!

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

My God! my God!

EMPEROR.

Yes, yes, thou surely lovest me!

CHATINKA.

Oh that these eyes had never beheld the Emperor!

EMPEROR.

(Seizing her hand, and pressing it to his bosom, then crying passionately.) Oh Chatinka!

CHATINKA.

My God! what have I done!

EMPEROR.

Now 'tis decided!

CHATINKA.

What a confession has the excess of my anguish wrung from me!

EMPEROR.

That was the height of my wishes, this single word from thy mouth!

CHATINKA.

CHATINKA.

(Resuming her courage.) I feel as if my soul was delivered of an oppressive burthen——and have now recovered strength to abide firm to my resolution. *(Kissing his hand.)* Farewel, my gracious lord! ——farewel for ever!

EMPEROR.

Chatinka!

CHATINKA.

In my solitary hours——it shall be my pride, my blifs, my consolation, to remember myself of your friendship; then will I implore heaven, with a desire, with a fervour, such as no woman ever prayed with before, that it will support, bless and accompany all your exalted resolutions;——that it will ever inspire you with acts of humanity, such as are worthy your greatness of mind! *(The post horn is heard.)* This is a most benevolent horn——I obey its summons!——farewel for ever!——my gracious lord!——

EMPEROR.

(Sincere and resolved.) No, Chatinka, I cannot let thee go!

CHATINKA.

(Apprehensive.) Oh my father!

EMPEROR.

EMPEROR.

To ſeparate myſelf from thee——would be as difficult and painful——as to part from myſelf.——Thou ſtayeſt!

CHATINKA.

My father! my mother!——ſtand by me! deliver me! away——let us away!

EMPEROR.

Not ſo Chatinka! my reſolution is taken, thy ſoul riſes ſublimely above every trial.——Happy is the Prince who has diſcovered a woman's mind that loves not the Prince in the man——but who loves the man in the Prince!——I have found this mind——once more I declare my reſolution is taken; Chatinka——I take thee for my wife——I make thee, the partner of my crown——and with it the dominion over Ruſſia's extenſive ſtates.

(*A pauſe, Chatinka tranſported beyond her ſenſes, the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of ſurprize and joy painted on her countenance——the emotions of which ſurpaſſes all deſcription, ſhe ſinks at his feet.*)

GLUCK.

(*Falling in his ſon's arms.*) Oh my ſon, ſupport me or I ſhall ſink into the earth!

EDWARD.

My God! my ſiſter!—the Empreſs of Ruſſia?

EMPEROR.

Not at my feet, but to my heart thou jewel of my ſoul! (*Lifting her up, and preſſing her to his heart.*) Oh my wife!—my Chatinka!

NATALIA.

(*Approaching her reſpectfully.*) Moſt gracious Lady!

CHATINKA.

(*Diſengages herſelf from the Emperor's arms, and falls into thoſe of Natalia.*) My friend! my mother!

THE END.